THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO 2. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS

PARNELL VS. DAVITT.

Text of His Stirring Speech at Kilkenny in Reply to Mr. Davitt.

The Irish Leader Says He is Not "A Mere Parliamentarian."

[*United Ireland, Dec. 27*]

Mr. Davitt addressed a meeting on Sunday at Goresbridge, where he met with a mixed reception. He made a long speech, and upbraided Mr. Parnell for not following constitutional methods. He surprised his hearers by an attack on the hillside men, and declared if that election went against Sir John Pope Hennessy the Irish would never be able to count upon an alliance with any English statesman, as Mr. Parnell in his desperation had made an appeal to the hillside men—the Fenian sentiment of the country which he (Mr. Davitt) most strongly condemned, for it would be a piece of criminal folly for Mr. Parnell or any other man to ask the young men of Ireland to fight the might of England in the field. After delivering this speech Mr. Davitt drove to Gowran, where he was received in a very hostile manner. He was groaned and constantly interrupted when he was addressing the people, and Mr. Daniel Crilly, who followed, completely failed to get a hearing. They gave up any further attempt at holding a meeting, and returned to Kilkenny.

The same evening Mr. Parnell, having heard of the tone of Mr. Davitt's speech, replied to it in Kilkenny. In the course of his stirring address he said:

"Men of Kilkenny, I should not have troubled you tonight were it not for the utterance of Mr. Davitt at one of his abortive meetings, exceeding in audacity even the utterances with which he has disgraced this combat in North Kilkenny. Speaking at Goresbridge this man had the audacity to say that 'Mr. Parnell in his desperation had made an appeal to the hillside men and the Fenian sentiment of the country, which he (Mr. Davitt) strongly condemned. It would,' Mr. Davitt continued, 'be a piece of criminal folly in Mr. Parnell to lead the young men of the country to face the might of England in the field.' I have, in answer to this, to announce in no undecided tones, and with a clear voice, that I have appealed to no section of my country (cheers). My appeal has been made to the whole Irish race (loud cheers), and if the young men are distinguished among my supporters it is because they know that what I have promised them I will do (great cheering). I have not promised to lead them against the armed might of England. I have told them that, so long as I can maintain an independent Irish party in the English parliament, there is hope of winning our legislature by constitutional means. I have said that, and I repeat it to night (cheers). Hear it again. So long as we can keep our Irish party pure and undefiled from any contact or fusion with any English parliamentary party, independent and upright, there is good reason for us to hope that we shall win legislative independence for Ireland by constitutional means (cheers). So long as such a party exists I will remain at its head (loud cheers). But when it appears to me that it is impossible to obtain Home Rule for Ireland by constitutional means I have said this—and this is the extent and limit of my pledge (cheers), that is the pledge which has been accepted by the young men of Ireland whom Michael Davitt in his derision calls the hillside men—I have said that when it is clear to me that I can no longer hope to obtain our constitution by constitutional and parliamentary means I will in a moment so declare it to the people of Ireland, and, returning at the head of my party, I will take counsel with you as to the next step (loud cheers). That, fellow countrymen, is the nature and extent of my declaration which I made in Cork in '80—which was accepted then by my constituents when they placed me at the head of the poll in succession to my late friend, Joseph Ronayne. That pledge was accepted by the whole of Ireland—by the hillside men and every other man in the country as a just position for me to take up and to fight this constitutional battle from. I have not in any sense, not in one iota, departed from it.

I stand on the same ground tonight as I did then, and if the young men of Ireland have trusted in me it is because they know that I am not a mere parliamentarian; that I can be trusted to keep my word to them to go as far as a brave and honest heart can go on this parliamentary alliance, and test it to the uttermost, and that when, and if I find it useless and unavailing to persevere further, they can depend upon me to tell them so (cheers). I haven't been a member of many parties like Davitt. I was not a physical force man in 1880, and did not desert in 1881. I did not become a member of the Land League in 1879 and leave it in 1883 (cheers). I did not join Patrick Ford and his nationalism of the land in 1885 and desert him in 1886. I did not then leave Patrick Ford and the *Irish World* in 1886 and join Wm. Ewart Gladstone in 1887 (cheers). I did not leave Gladstone and his Constitutional Home Rule in 1887 and attempt to upset it and undermine it by the formation of a so-called labor party in 1889 and in 1890 (cheers). I have not signalized every year of my public existence in life by some fresh change and some new treason to the party and the men who own my allegiance (cheers) No, I have stood on the same platform. I have remained true to the same declaration and the same pledges (cheers), and when anybody has the audacity to taunt me with being a hillside man I say to them I am what I am because I am known to be an honest and unchanging Irishman (prolonged and enthusiastic cheering).

THE ANGLO-IRISH PARTY'S FOLLY.

[*United Ireland, Dec. 27.*]

It is not co-operation with the Gladstonian party that the Seceders want. They are more Gladstonian than Gladstone; even while they fill the air with vehement declarations of their independence of all English politicians, they are completing their unconditional surrender. At the first blast of the Gladstonian trumpet, almost as soon as the clamorous rabble rout of preachers, incited by Messrs. Davitt, Labouchere and Stuart, appeared before their fortress, they—the trusted garrison—in panic fright mutinied and attempted to seize their leader, to deliver him to his enemies, and to throw themselves and the cause of Ireland upon the mercy of the ancient foe. They did not even seek to march out with the honors of war and to lessen the ignominy of capitulation by obtaining terms that would have saved the country from disgrace and disaster. Had they done so, Mr. Parnell, in the nobility of his self abnegation, would have submitted without a murmur. Scorn for the cowards he might have felt, and he would have been more than mortal if no pang of indignation shot through his soul as he recalled the trials and labors of fifteen toilsome years and thought of the base requital for his work. But even when girt around by those who, having been foremost in fulsome adulation of of his greatness, on the eve of the Gladstone ultimatum suddenly let loose upon him the long-repressed storm of secret hate, his first concern was for the Irish people and their cause. "Sell me, if you will, but get my value!" was the one appeal which he deigned to make. For himself he asked nothing; for Ireland he cared much. The prayer fell upon deaf ears. They would sell him, and they would throw themselves into the scale, but they dare not ask the price. They knew that they would be hooted from one end of Ireland to the other if the people knew that they had flung him to the wolves to gratify their own pitiful rancour, to please the Gladstonians, and to avoid the corybantic fury of Mr. Stead and his coadjutors. The wily leader of the Liberals refused to tell them what sort of Home Rule it is for which they were required to deliver up Mr. Parnell and abase themselves. Humbly and dutifully, as beseemed obedient captives of Mr. Gladstone and members of the Liberal Club, they grovelled at his feet and rose but to rend their chief. In that moment they yielded themselves up, body and mind, to the party that they had so often met and beaten under the leadership of Mr. Parnell in the hot strife of bygone days. They threw overboard the peerless Irishman in order that they might gain the approval of their new English friends; they decreed that they would henceforth take their politics from England and not from Ireland; they took English opinions as their guide for evermore. Every act and word of theirs in the eighteen days that have followed bears out the judgment of those who deemed the mutiny to be a renunciation of Irish nationality as well as a revolt against Mr. Parnell. The Anglo-Irish party, the camp followers of the Gladstonian forces, must march with the main army. It can no longer have an organization or policy or direction of its own. Let us do its members the justice of acknowledging that they recognize the facts of their position. They talk of their independence, but they have taken steps to make their dependence upon the English party complete and enduring. They are to have a branch of the Liberal Club instead of the National League as a center from which to control their followers, the Irish Gladstonians; they are to have their newspaper, to inculcate the saving doctrine that the first duty of an Irish Nationalist is to truckle to English politicians; and they are to fight out their campaign on the lines and by the methods that found favor in North Kilkenny with Davitt, Healy and Tanner. But it is in England, as in a forcing house, that the first fruits of the revolt are most speedily ripening to maturity. The honest Irishmen of the English towns have refused to sanction the perfidity of the Forty five. A few bogus resolutions, condemnatory of Mr. Parnell, were obtained by audacious wire-pulling, but the fact was patent and indisputable, that our countrymen in Great Britain were true to Ireland and their leader. Hence the last desperate move of the mutineers. The National League of Great Britain is to be broken up, to suit their purposes. They could not pervert it into an engine of attack upon Mr. Parnell, and their only alternative is to wreck it. Here is a letter, dated the 16th inst., which has been addressed to all the organizers from the central office:

"Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, M. P., called here today and desired me to inform all the officials of the organization that, owing to the present financial position of the League, it is probable that the services of most, if not all, of the officials will have to be dispensed with at an early date. Of course, this is only a preliminary notice, so that you may not be taken unaware in case the worst should come.

Yours faithfully.

JOHN BRADY, General Sec.

It would be incredible, if the evidence were not indisputable, that any man with an ounce of patriotism and a grain of sense could set himself thus deliberately to shatter the splendid organization which has made the Irishmen of Great Britain feared and respected as a potent influence in politics. With great expense and infinite labor it was slowly built up to shelter our countrymen in the land of the stranger, and to be an entrenched camp of Nationalism. Is it to be swept away at the word of one or all of the Anglo-Irish party? They did not make it; but with a contempt for Irish feeling and Irish interests which a month ago we would have thought impossible, they now in the true spirit of factionists resolve to destroy the work of years. Surely they must have lost their reason. Hatred of Mr. Parnell and insensate worship of Mr. Gladstone might both be satisfied with less than this. But the absolute fusion of the Gladstonian sections—the Irish and the English—would not be so complete. This is now the beginning, the middle, and the end of the Seceders' programme. The Irish Nationalist has disappeared from amongst them, and, like a quick-change performer, the National Club member has taken his place.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

The leading part in Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, "Ivanhoe," will be sung by Mr. O'Mara, a Limerick man, brother of Mr. Stephen O'Mara, late mayor of that city.

Ald. Joseph Meade, J. P., was installed lord mayor of Dublin on Jan. 1.

Sir Peter Tait head of the Army Clothing Factory, Limerick, died recently. He was a native of Tingwall, Shetland Islands.

The works of the Caherciveen new railway were commenced, on Dec. 19, at the Valentia end of the line, Canon Brosnan turning the first sod.

Mr. Robert Forkey, Lough Gill Brewery, Sligo, died on Dec. 17.

Edward Kendall, J. P., has been appointed agent of the property of Mr. Stannus, county Galway.

The Blackwater was recently swollen by heavy floods. Considerable damage was done between Fermoy and Lismore.

John Smithwick, Ballinalard, Tipperary, one of Smith Barry's tenants, has been evicted.

A young man named Ryan has been arrested at Carrigtoher on the charge of being concerned in an attack on the house of a farmer named Hanley, of Townlough, near Nenagh.

Four "bum" bailiffs were recently proceeding towards Bodyke to execute a decree against Mrs. Moloney, a tenant of Lord Leconsfield, and when near Mrs. Moloney's house they saw a crowd of people on the side of a hill. Shots were fired at them by the crowd and the bailiffs retired to Tulla for reinforcements.

The Deel, Maigue, Mulcaire and other rivers in the county Limerick inundated a considerable portion of the country recently. A bridge was broken down at Askeaton. At Adare a man named Dunworth was drowned.

The Sligo Catholic Literary Society is flourishing. The latest addition to the society is an elocution class under the direction of Mr. A. E. O'Dell.

At the Connacht winter assizes at Sligo William Joyce was sentenced to six months imprisonment for wounding John Patton at Achill Island; Patrick Hoban was found guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to two months' imprisonment; his brother-in-law, John Brown was the victim. John Mahon was indicted for the murder of Edward Luby near Ballaghaderrin; a verdict of manslaughter was returned, and Mahon was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

Several government steamers, laden with potatoes, have been dispatched suddenly to the West of Ireland to relieve the great distress existing there.

Randal M'Finnin M'Carthy More, Kenmare, nephew of the late most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, bishop of Kerry, has bee appointed receiver general of stamp duties for Ireland, and collector of inland revenue at the custom house, Dublin, the highest revenue position in Ireland.

The police have arrested at Killen, near Enniscorthy, a man named Lynch, who is charged with having severely assaulted an old man named Gorman.

A widow named Mary Anne Lyons, was murdered on Dec. 15, in Barrandarrig, about five miles from Wicklow.

It is stated that a new paper called the Kilkenny *News*, is to be published in that city.

At Munster winter assizes, in Nenagh, Patrick Lucy and Michael Collins were convicted of having thrown vitriol on a girl named Margaret Sullivan in Macroom. A person named Kelleher turned queen's evidence. Lucy was sentenced to penal servitude for life and Collins to seven years penal servitude.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

A CENTURY of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

IRISH SAINTS.

In Her Sketches of the Arran Islands, Miss Banim Tells a Good Deal About Them.

Antiquity of Arran as a Place of Saintly Resort.

ARAINN NA NIMBH.

"So numerous were its saints that their number was known to Almighty God alone."

No visitor has really seen Arran and her people who has not spent a Sunday among those people and mingled with them at their devotions, at mass, and at their gathering after mass, around their little white chapel on the height above the sea. Then will the stranger have two beautiful pictures in his mind—the one which he has seen for himself, and which is as perfect in its way as that other painted by saintly writers of old and by gifted authors of our own day—the picture of Arran na Naimbh fourteen hundred years ago.

Through all those ages the scene can scarce have changed. Then, as now, the wide ocean on every side; the same exquisite panorama of far away, shadowy cliffs and hills and mountain peaks across the northern bay, faintly showing where lies the world of strife and care, of vain hopes and fears and dangers; the same immense, limitless stretch of sea beyond the western shore, where no shadow of earth ever comes between the island and that spot where, at sunset, the very portals of glory seem to open a while, as if out there lies the world of eternal rest and joy And the same Arran; a grey-white rock, without beauty of form, without sheltering trees or spreading meadows, without blooming orchards or waving cornfields, green lanes or mossy dells—nothing to strike the eye at first sight but a cold, hard barren mass of sea-girt stone—nothing more; and yet, from time immemorial, this island has been a veritable loadstone, attracting to its shores the warriors of prehistoric ages and the countless holy men who, from the very first days of Christian rule in our land, chose this solitude as their dwelling place.

The very air seems yet full of the nameless attractions that made the place the loved home and the nursery of so many of the greatest and purest of our saints and the Arran of today must present much the same appearance as did Arran na Naimbh on those Sundays long ago when, by the White Sands, to

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF KILLEANY,

westwards to the Seven Churches of St Brecan, or across stony paths to hillside church and oratory, St. Enda, St. Columbcille, St. Ciaran, and the holy men of Arranmor wended their several ways to mass or vespers. Then, as a beautiful tradition tells, by God's command His angels came from heaven to bless even the barren rocks on which the feet of His saints had trodden, so that the very stones should ever more bring forth flowers and fruit and be lovely in the eyes of all who should look upon them:

"Each Sunday Gabriel from on high
(For so did Christ the Lord ordain)
Thy masses comes to sanctify,
With fifty angels in his train.

"Each Monday Michael issues forth
To bless anew each sacred fane:
Each Tuesday cometh Raphael,
To bless pure hearth and golden grain.

"Each Wednesday cometh Uriel:
Each Thursday Sariel, fresh from God,
Each Friday cometh Samuel
To bless thy stones and bless thy sod.

"Each Saturday comes Mary—
Comes Babe on arm, 'mid heavenly host,
O Arran! near to heaven is be
That hears God's angels bless thy coasts.

Fourteen hundred years ago there were already so many holy men and women in Ireland that in each province churches and monasteries were springing up. The belief in and love of Christianity seemed to come so quickly, so easily, as it were, to our people that scarcely was the gospel of mercy and humility preached before it had touched to their depths the hearts of those who heard, and kings and the sons and daughters of kings vied with the humblest in their longing to live as saints. Among those who had thus early embraced a religious life was a northern princess named Fanchea, the daughter of Conal, Prince of Oriel, a district which comprised those counties we now know as Fermanagh, Armagh, Louth, and Monaghan. Fanchea founded a convent at Rossary, on the shore of Lough Erne, and here she gathered around her a number of young girls to be educated under her charge. In St. Fanchea's care was a young princess whose beauty had won the love of Enda, Fanchea's brother, and heir to the Principality of Oriel. Enda repaired to his sister's convent and demanded the hand of the maiden in marriage; taking her charge apart, Fanchea asked her what was her choice—whether would she accept Enda as her husband, or devote her life to the service of God: "The life thou hast chosen, that also is my choice" answered the young girl, "and as she spoke, behold! a sweet sleep fell upon the maiden, and it was the sleep of death." The saint covered the face of the dead with a veil, then, calling her brother to her, said to him: "Look upon the face of her thou wouldst wed"; and while he looked and mourned, shocked at the awful change in her he had loved, and who was now but a ghastly image before him, Fanchea spoke to him of his soul, of the vanity of his life, of strife and ambition, of how all things change and pass away, save only God and heaven. So moved was Enda by his sister's words that he too renounced the world; he became a Religious, and, after some years, desiring to retire to some isolated spot where he might the better live the life of prayer and humble toil, he asked the Isles of Arran from their owner,

ÆNGUS, KING OF CASHEL,

whose wife, Darenia, was St Enda's sister. Ængus tried to dissuade him from exile, telling him Arran was inhabited by fierce pagans, and offering him instead rich land in the Golden Vale of Munster. But Enda had no fear; he knew that He whom he served could move the hearts of the pagans, and so, about the year A. D. 480, he, with his monks, sailed for Aranmor, thenceforth to be his home for the remaining sixty years of his life. The natives of the island yet show the place on Killeany sands where the saint touched shore in his stone boat, which had sailed with him as lightly over the bay as if it were an osier corrach, and where St. Enda landed the boat remained, a testimony to the truth of the legend.

From that time forth Arran was as a holy land. On the sands to the east of the island St. Enda, or Æny, as the name is familiarly known, built his oratory called Fegleach Enda (the stone house of Enda), and near by, where is the present village of Killeany, he raised his church of Kill Enda. Here groups of the simple huts that then composed the dwellings of a monastery sprang up around the cell of the saint; other temples too were built in God's honor, so that in time seven churches were grouped together wherein the priests could celebrate mass while the faithful knelt around and adored; or, perhaps, out under the summer sky, the monks chanted their evening song of praise, the murmur of the surf or the sigh of the summer wind the accompaniment to their hymns.

From all parts of Ireland men and youths, hearing of the great holiness of Enda, and filled with pious emulation followed him to Arran, gladly leaving home and friends and the beautiful world for that bare rock, where all must labor hard—just as do the peasants of today—to make the patches of soil, to till them, to sow and reap and grind the corn, tend the flocks of little mountain sheep, and go out in corrachs to reap the harvest of the sea. But then, as now, there was a charm that made all who set foot upon it love it and see beauty in every rock and stone, and find each wild flower fairer than the rarest that bloom in any other spot on earth.

So the holy men grew in numbers and in sanctity; thrice fifty were St. Enda's brothers, living a beautiful life of such purity and simplicity that the memory of their stainless hearts is yet traditional among the old people. Æny—they relate—was accustomed to try his monks and himself each evening in order to know if any one had failed in virtue, even by the smallest sin. There lay on the beach the osier frame of a corrach, over which no covering had been stretched; each evening, after vespers this corrach was

LAUNCHED UPON THE BAY,

and all in turn must enter the skiff and row three waves off. If the least stain lay upon the soul of its occupant, the water would penetrate the open wicker frame, but with a pure soul within it floated as securely as the stoutest corrach on the bay. Once, and once only, a brother entered whose day of work and prayer had not been perfect; the boat filled and sank beneath the monk, who was cast upon the sands at the Abbot's feet. This brother was Gigniat the cook of Enda's monastery. "What hast thou done, O Gigniat?" asked the saint. "I was hungry," answered Gigniat, "and took from the portion of Ciaran a little which I added to my own." "Then must thou depart hence, for this is no place for thieves," said Enda; and, with a sorrowful heart, Gigniat left Arran and the company of the saints.

And still, as the fame of St. Enda and his companions spread through the land, the numbers desirous of sharing in their holy, austere life increased almost daily. Of the great saints of Erin, there were few in those days who did not either dwell with or visit the recluses and grow full of affection for them and for Arran. The youthful St. Ciaran, "the son of the carpenter," spent seven years in this peaceful isle, working meekly and humbly, happy in the simplest occupations of husbandry, while he gathered from the lips of Enda lessons of wisdom and holiness, and studied diligently under the learned men around him. St. Ciaran's work during seven years, says tradition, was to grind corn for the community, and so busily did he work his quern that in all that time there was never in the whole island a heap of corn large enough for one day's bread. This humble and hidden life did Ciaran lead among the monks of Killeany—"the mild and gentle Ciaran," so beloved among his brethren that when,

WARNED BY A VISION,

he learned that his time was come to leave his solitude, and St. Enda felt he must send his young disciple back to the world to labor there for God, the old monk wept bitterly and was inconsolable for the loss of him he loved as a son. Long Enda and his brethren stood, we are told, immovable upon the shore, weeping and straining their eyes after the boat that bore the young saint away from among them.

St. Columbcille—the Dove of the Church—came also to Arran, lived among its rocks, walked with the angels along the strip of soft turf where still the angels love to walk; feasted his eyes with the beauty of air and sky and sea; and he, to whom Ireland was so dear found the flowers and scenes, the very stones of Arran dearer than all the rest. It was from her strand he sailed to Iona, heartbroken because of his penance—the hardest that could be put upon him for his sin—never again must he look upon Ireland.

We see St. Brendan the navigator; he had heard of the great knowledge of St. Enda; he had heard that of all the men of Erin the holy monk knew most about the sea and the lands beyond the sea, and, dreaming of worlds yet undiscovered, Brendan came to learn of the wise recluse of Arran all that he could tell:

"Hearing how blessed Enda lived apart,
Amid the sacred caves of Arranmore,
And how, beneath his eye, spread like a chart,
Lay all the isles of that remotest shore;
And how he had collected in his mind
All that was known to man of the old sea,
I left the hill of miracles behind
And sailed from out the narrow sandy bay."
—DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

St. Enda, believing that Brendan's dreams came from God, blessed his project and encouraged him to set out upon those seven years' voyages whose wonders have been chronicled by annalists and sung by poets from ancient times to our own day.

Above, on the hill top, as we have already seen, St. Benin, or Benignus, had his oratory; from that lovely spot he could see the bold cliffs and coasts of Clare, St. Brendan's holy mount in Kerry, the rolling waves of the trackless sea, and Connemara's beautiful hills glistening in the setting sun. St. Benignus, "the benign and sweet of manner," came his school—the first established in the west—at Kilbannon, near Tuam. He was of a kindly race, and had been appointed by St. Patrick to preach in those parts of Connacht where the Apostle had not been himself. It is not known exactly when St. Benignus went to Arran or how long he lived upon the island, but no one who visits his little oratory can fail to be charmed with its site.

To the northwest of the island were the "Seven Churches" and the monastery of St. Brecan. St. Brecan, the Pilgrim, was the son of a Munster prince, Eochaid Baldearg (Eochy of the red spot), who was baptized by St. Patrick at Singland, near Limerick and at the same time miraculously cured of the blemish which had been upon him since his birth. St. Brecan came to Arran early in the time of Enda, when the Religious were becoming so numerous that Enda divided Arran into two parts, retaining Killeany for himself. Subsequently he again divided the island into ten parts, each with its church and monastery, but all remained under his jurisdiction as Abbot.

Of the Seven Churches of St. Brecan there are still the ruins of two; these are in a state of preservation sufficient to show that they were beautiful little buildings. Close by is St. Brecan's well and a small enclosure known to the islanders as "St. Brecan's bed," or grave, and, as a striking proof of the strength of tradition, this was actually found to be the burial place of the saint, who died in the commencement of the sixth century. It is now nearly one hundred years since a dying priest begged that his body might be brought to Arran and buried in St. Brecan's grave. The request was complied with, and, in preparing the grave, a flat stone was discovered some six feet down in the earth. Below this again was found a smaller slab, round in form and measuring only a few inches in diameter. Upon the larger was a cross and the inscription in Roman characters—"(S) Ci Brecani." Upon examining these stones Dr. Petrie translated the inscription "For the Head (capiti) of Brecan"; this translation the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, in his "Ancient Churches of Arran," considers incorrect, and says: "It is obvious, however, that the first word is an abbreviation for 'Sancti,' and that the meaning is '(the stone) of holy Brecan,' which was doubtless placed over the saint by his beloved disciples." On the smaller slab was also a cross and the words in Irish "Or are Bran Naibither," a contraction for "Oroit are Brecan Naibither," a prayer for Brecan the Pilgrim.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

THE OPPOSITION TO PARNELL.

Mrs. O'Shea Not the Real Reason of the Hatred of the Irish Leader.

[*Milwaukee Sentinel Dec. 28.*]

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 27.—Is there not after all good ground for a degree of support of Parnell by Irishmen? When he became leader, Ireland had only what is known as an Irish night in parliament, a night set apart for discussion of Irish matters by Irish members, while English members crowded their clubs and cafés, until the question came to a vote, when at the call of their whips they trooped in to vote down the measure, not knowing or caring what it might be. Parnell became leader hated alike by Liberal and Tory, whom he baffled or beat at every point until, as his bitter enemy Smalley publicly admits, "he trampled upon the traditions of the English parliament, brought the leaders of both wings to their knees, and indelibly stamped home rule upon the banner of the great Liberal party." Throughout his public life, he never betrayed his constituency nor wavered in his patriotic service to Ireland, and why should true Irishmen desert him now? Mr. Gladstone and the Irish hierarchy give a common cause, the O'Shea scandal, while every member of the Irish parliamentary party publicly declared that it ought not to enter into the question at all, and unanimously elected him leader with all the facts before them.

It is necessary to look back a little, in order to find cause or causes, from which arose the sudden changes of Mr. Gladstone and of the Irish hierarchy toward Parnell. Gladstone after applying a full measure of coercion to Ireland, as he said himself, "like medicine continued in increased doses with lessening effect," finding himself at last driven from power by Parnell's superior tactics, concluded to give Ireland a home parliament as a final settlement of the Irish question. It was a bold, heroic measure, intended to settle forever the Irish difficulty upon strictly guarded federal lines. It was defeated chiefly because of the clause withdrawing the Irish members from the English parliament, a movement which looked like disruption of the empire to conservative Englishmen. It was defeated in the general election, and left Gladstone beaten, with his own party torn asunder. Gladstone has, in the endeavor to unite the Liberal party, clipped his home rule bill of almost every vestige of national independence, especially prominent in his speeches, being his acceptance of the verdict to keep the full Irish representation in the English parliament. Now by a strange coincidence the Irish hierarchy, acting always under orders from Rome, for purposes of their own, desire to retain the Irish Catholic representation in the only real Protestant parliament in Europe.

Thus it is that both Gladstone and Rome, for once in accord, are intensely hostile to Parnell, who is an uncompromising Irish patriot, and will accept nothing short of a parliament possessed of national attributes. Herein lies the secret of the enmity to the great Irish statesman. This view may seem unjust to the Irish priests, most of whom formerly supported Parnell, but Michael Davitt, a most intense Catholic, publicly declared two years ago that Rome was opposed to the Irish members leaving the English parliament, and in this Rome is consistent. Rome aided Castlereagh to carry the union in 1800. Rome destroyed O'Connell's repeal movement by the famous rescript which that great Irishman at the time declared uncanonical. Rome, by a rescript, attempted to destroy Parnell and stop the patrimonial subscription in 1885, and the Irish hierarchy, just returned from Rome, where they were summoned only a month ago, had barely time to read the pastoral against the plan of campaign, before they took off their vestments and like good shepherds wielded the national weapon vigorously over the heads of the Parnellite electors in Kilkenny.

To sum up: Gladstone desires to reunite the Liberal party. Rome desires that Ireland remain as at present a sort of missionary martyr in connection with England, while Parnell stands in Ireland surrounded by all there is of true nationalism in the race. My chief aim in writing this is to show that Mrs. O'Shea is not the real cause of the present hatred of Parnell. If Mr. Gladstone applies his exacting rule of moral conduct at home he will create a social revolution, and must look outside the reigning family for a future king of England, while the Irish hierarchy's position may be a little awkward when, after Wales' coronation, they must pray "that he may lead a quiet and holy life."

IRISHMAN.

DON'T SAY there is no help for catarrh, hay fever and cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clobogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

MORE MYSTERIES.

Redmond turned around his face, for the voice seemed familiar to him.

As he did so, however, and before he could bring his eyes to bear on his accostrix, a scream of surprise rose from her lips.

"It is Redmond!—merciful God!—It is the dead appearing!"

And without further stop or stay she fled.

"Who under heaven is this that knows me here?" said he, gazing with much astonishment at the retreating figure.

"This will certainly lead to discovery—certain discovery," he thought. "I must see who it is. We cannot always have these mysteries surrounding us—confound them! I shall see who it is at any rate."

The girl had disappeared through a broken doorway in one of the ruined walls, with a flying speed that nothing but ex reme terror could give rise to.

There was no time to be lost, if concealment were to be ensured, or if he were to elucidate this new mystery.

Whereupon, with as much rapidity as he could, he ran over the fallen debris, the ruined tombs, and through the broken arches; and came up with her just as she was about emerging from the ruined abbey into the slope lying beyond it.

She had heard the step following her, and had in consequence redoubled her pace.

But when, having come up with her, he laid his hand on her shoulder, her screams were quite sufficient to have been heard by the boat in the distance. She fell on her knees, and covered her face and eyes with her hands, while her cries still poured forth unceasingly.

"Don't scream! I am not going to hurt you. Who are you that know me here? Speak! Because if you know me, I want your assistance very badly."

Seeing that she did not cease either in her affright or in screaming, and that this state of things, if of long continuance, might lead to further perplexities, he gently but firmly withdrew her hands from her face.

"Why, God bless my soul! it's Norah!" he cried in astonishment as soon as he got sight of her face, which he had much difficulty in doing. "Don't you know me, Norah? What on earth are you afraid of? I'm Redmond Barrington. Surely the world has not turned upside down that you should be afraid of me? Look up at me!"

The girl had, by the time he had done, ceased her screaming, tremblingly lifted her eyes to his face, and took consolation therefrom. It was certainly no unearthly form that was speaking to her but Redmond himself, and—though curiously dressed and much changed every way—still undoubtedly alive and in the flesh.

"That's right, Norah," said he, as he saw her satisfied glance. "Stand up, and tell me what brought you here, and why you screamed so. Why did you scream?"

"I—I—I thought it was your ghost," said Norah shiveringly.

"My ghost!"

"Yes,"—with growing courage.

"Well, Norah, you see it isn't, but myself alive and well."

"Glory be to God for that!" said Norah, in trembling thanksgiving. "Where wor you, or where did you come from, Master Redmond?"

"That would be too long a story to tell you, Norah. And besides," added he, as he bethought himself of Alice Lefebre, "I need your assistance badly. Will you come with me as far as yonder house, Norah? There is a young lady lying very ill there."

"There! Why, Master Redmond, that house—is——"

"No matter about the house, Norah. I want your help there—will you come?"

"All the world over," said Norah cheerfully, "I'd go for you. But sure I ought to go back and tell——"

"You must go nowhere, Norah, but with me. You don't know how much your help is needed. I'm all impatience until you reach there."

Norah was so flattered and frightened, and so out of breath with her race, and Redmond was so impatient to get back to Grey Abbey, and walked so hastily and swiftly for that purpose, that she had much difficulty in keeping up with him, and had no breath to spare for the question she was a thirsting to ask him, or the information she desired to give him.

The confusion that existed in her mind was doubled and trebled when she reached the apartment where the injured girl lay, and where she met, to her great surprise and delight, Eugene.

Leaving the former to her ready and helpful hands for the present—and with no unnecessary conversation, circumstances being so pressing, Eugene and Redmond betook themselves to the upper rooms of the house, whence their eager eyes swept the sea and the distant horizon for some sign of the Thunderer; but there was none.

"She has probably left these waters," said Eugene after some time.

"I trust so. And now that that weight is off our minds for the present, I am anxious to know what brought Norah into this part of the world."

"She has probably got married during our absence. What I am anxious to know," said Eugene, "is, who are the good genii that left us this mansion thus fully fitted up for our needs?"

"Upon my word I had quite forgotten that," said Redmond; "in the multiplicity of strange events and surprises that have been occurring within the last dozen hours or so this had been quite forgotten by me. I wonder how it came to pass."

"Seeing that Norah lives in the neighborhood, she may throw some light on it."

"She may, and no doubt will."

"Suppose we ask her?"

"No, not yet. She will call on us when she is ready. I told her where we were coming."

"But the great mystery of all remains incapable of explanation," said Eugene sorrowfully—"what brought Alice here? I have grave doubts still that you must be mistaken."

"There is no room for doubt, unfortunately," said Redmond. "I should know the dear girl's face among ten thousand."

"Hist! there is some one calling," said Eugene.

Norah's foot was heard on the ricketty stairs ascending, and she met them as they were about to descend.

"It is Norah's voice. Let us see what she wants."

'Masther Redmond," said she, "it would be well if you were to send to Wexford for a doctor. I am sure Miss Alice is in need of one. There is no sign of her recovering her senses."

"And how shall we send there, Norah? *We* dare not appear."

"Why, I'll go over to Inch," said Norah, sufficiently understanding, without being told, how matters were, and too anxious to have her advice carried out to need or ask for further information. "I'll get help enough there."

"Inch!" cried Redmond. "Are we near Inch?"

"Within a mile or so."

"And is it there you are stopping, Norah?"

"Yes."

"Who is with you?'

"Miss Helen."

"Helen," cried both young men together.

"Unless she is gone out of it since I left. She was to go back to Seamore today."

"Good heavens, Norah! why did you not tell us all that before?'

"I was about tellin' you just after I met you," said Norah, "but you stopped me."

"And how long has she been there?"

"Some months."

"Well, thank God!" said Redmond gaily, "we are near friends at any rate. And, Norah, who is it that lives in this strange house, or did live in it?"

"Trevor Mortimer."

"Sir Trevor Mortimer!"

"He came down here," said Norah, in continuation, "when the young ladies came to Inch; but he was to go to Dublin this morning with Miss Helen and Miss Howard. They are all in great fuss about it; there's nothing talked of but it."

"You must go at once, Norah, and tell Helen that I am here—that we are here."

"I'll do that with a heart and a half," said Norah; "but I am afeared Sir Trevor was in such a hurry to reach Dublin that they'll be gone before I get back. It was to take place in a day or two."

"No matter, Norah; go at once. You will find some of the Irish people there, even if the young ladies are gone."

"Faix, an' its gone I'm nearly certain they are," said Norah; "for he was pressing Miss Helen to let it take place as soon as possible."

"What on earth are you talking about, Norah?" said Redmond impatiently. "*It! What is it?* You have mentioned that word half a dozen times."

"Why, don't you know?" said Norah, blushing rapidly.

"Is the girl gone crazy?" cried Redmond, in a fever of impatience. "Here is the day waxing; and so much to be done. What is this you are talking about?"

"The marriage."

"The marriage! What marriage?"

"The marriage of Miss Helen and Sir Trevor Mortimer. It's to take place as soon as they reach town."

Redmond blew a long, low whistle indicative of astonishment at this new feature that matters had presented, whilst Eugene staggered back against the wall, his whitening face and trembling lips showing how the unexpected information had affected him.

"Do you hear this, Eugene?' said Redmond, after a moment's pause of astonishment.

"Yes," was as much as the latter's lips would allow him to say.

"See here, Norah. Go as fast as you can to Inch. Tell Helen we are here, if she be not gone. And bind her to secrecy. If she be, tell some of my cousins to come over at once; and do not say who is here, but bid them come. Make all haste, for I must go to Dublin at once if Helen has gone."

"I'll do that sure enough," said Norah, "an' I'll engage the grass won't grow under my feet till I'm there and back again. So, stay wid the poor girl that's below until I return; an' here's a letter—keep it safe—that I got in the poor thing's breast. It's sealed, and was kept close, to see that it's safe for her by the time she recovers."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE CAVES

Norah left Redmond and Eugene at the door, and hurried away with step as light and swift as a fairy, in the direction of Inch.

Her heart fluttered with the joyful news she was bringing to her mistress.

In the multitude of distracting things that had occurred to her within the last two hours she had been scarcely able to realize the wonderful character of the news she had learned; but now as she had more time to think, she began to recognize its importance, and her step flew so lightly over the sea swept plain that, as she herself would say, "she'd hardly bend a lily with her step."

She was passing over a stile and had sprung lightly on to the other side, and had resumed her speed again, when she ran right into the arms of a person approaching the other way.

"Where are you runnin' to, Norah? or what's amiss wid you, or are you goin' distracted?" said the new comer, taking advantage of the accident which threw her into his arms, to give her a good hug.

"Where have you been these hours?"

"Let me go," cried Norah impatiently; "let me go, Luke Mahon. For the love of God, let me go," cried she, struggling to get free. "I have wonderful news for the young mistress.'

"I'd rather you had some news for me," said Luke, determined not to let his prize go so easily.

"I tell you, Luke, let me go. You don't know the news I have or the hurry I am in."

"I see the hurry you're in, an' the sorra fut you'll lave this or get out of my two arms until I hear the news too."

"Let me go, Luke—let me go! I can't tell you! I must see Miss Helen—at once. Let me go!"

"Oh, the sorro fut," said Luke, "until I hear the news."

It was not to be wondered at that Luke hesitated to let her out from her imprisonment; for, what with her haste and what with her excitement there was a glow of color in her face and a brightness in her eye that made her the picture of rustic beauty and comeliness. He had therefore, no disposition whatever to liberate her, and Norah instinctively felt that there was no chance for her without communicating some of the startling news to him.

"Will you tell me?" said Luke facetiously, threatening her with an additional hug.

"Let me go, Luke, for the love of God. I have," putting her lips to his ear, "seen Redmond Barrington!"

"What?' cried Luke, releasing her at once as if he had received a shock from an electric battery, and falling a few paces back. "Redmond Barrington! Where?"

"I kem up this morning to the ruins, where I lost the ring last evening when you were tryin' to take it from me, to look for id. I thought it was you were, standing lookin' over the sea, and when I laid my hand on your shoulder and you looked around it was—Redmond!"

Luke's eyes were nearly ready to leap out of his head at this rather startling way of putting the information, and he crossed himself devoutly.

"Redmond! Was he alive?"

"To be sure he was alive, you *eunuhuch*," said Norah breathlessly. "Let me off to tell Helen."

"Heavens and airth, Norah! You must be dhramin!"

"Oh, the sorra dhrame," said Norah; "an' they're above at Grey Abbey this minit—himself and Eugene Lefebre."

"May the blessin' of God be about us! that's the most wonderful news ever I heard in all my born days! But wait a minit', Norah," said Luke, as a thought struck him. "Where did they come from, do you know?"

"Sorra a wan of me knows," said she hurriedly, and preparing to resume her speed; "I never thought of askin', and if I did aself I hadn't time. But you'd hardly know Redmond in the dress ov a common sailor."

"Be the powers o' war!" said Luke excitedly, "that's it! I have it now—They escaped from the man ov war, and they're the very two the sojers are lookin' for everywhere."

"The sojers!" said Norah, all her winsome blushes racing back from her cheeks into her heart, and leaving them pallid and white as snow. "The sojers!"

"The sojers, sure enough. They are searching everywhere for 'em, and if they are caught, the sorra fut they'll ever set on Ireland's ground again."

"Good God! What'll be done?"

"Run back, Norah, for the love of heaven, an' tell 'em. I'll go back and bring the news to Inch."

"Do, an' God bless you! Don't tell any wan but Helen or Miss Howard, and if they're not there, tell Mr. George Howard, an' no one else."

Without further delay, Norah raced back on her new journey, whilst Luke went with equal speed in the opposite direction. As Norah approached the house she was horrified to see at some distance to the northwards of Grey Abbey the red uniforms of soldiers on horseback. This sight, instead of paralyzing her, however, only lent additional wings to her speed, until, quite out of breath and wholly unable to speak, she swept into the room where the injured girl lay and where Redmond and Eugene were conversing on very serious matters.

"You are back very soon, Norah," said Redmond, as the panting girl stood before them, one hand on the back of a chair, and making hurried gestures with the other—with gestures they failed to comprehend.

"What's up, Norah? Why don't you speak?" said Redmond again, with impatience, as both looked at her frightened face and heaving breast, "Take your time, and tell us what has frightened you."

"Norah made several attempts to speak, but her breath or her lips failed.

With an immense effort she at last spoke:

"Run! run! For the love of the life that's in you, run! The sojers are comin'! They're yonder!"

There was no need to question; neither was there time. Every quivering motion of her form, every heave of her excited and panting breast, was eloquent of danger—of threatening and imminent danger.

"The ruins!" whispered Redmond hurriedly. "Come with me. We can shelter there."

At once they were on their feet; out through the hall door, into the sheltering rocks that crept up on the cliff, and with many winding ways until they got within the ruined walls of the abbey. There they rested for a moment like hunted deer, and turned to look for the searchers.

The red uniforms of the soldiers shone in the distance, approaching the mansion they had a few moments before left!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium

[LEANTA O'N T-SEAGHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN TREAS ROINN.

Tá na focalibh 'na dhiagh so ró bhorb chum iad do chlódhbhualádh a b-páipéar nuadhuigheachtadh air feadh seacht agus dhá fhithchead liuchán; tar éis sin cuirfiod síos iad mar leanneas. MUIRRISH UI CHREAN.

An bh-fuil sionnach air sliabh na lasg air tráig,
Fiolar le fiaghach ná fiadh le fáo,
Cómh fada gan chiall le bliagain 's lá,
D' fhaufadh gan biadh san fiaghach le faghail.
An aithnid dibh féin san t-saoghal-so, cá bhuil,
An t-ainmhide claon, no'n fnéithid fághain,
Do phiocach an chré, an fraoch, no'n fán,
'S florthann go slaodach, 's féar le fághail.
Aithris gan mhoill a chiaghaire ebráidhte,
Freagair me? faghaimse féidhm ad ráidhte?
Cá bh-fuil do dhíth a suighe chum béile,
Ar cathag le mí 'ci d-tigheas na féile,
An luigide an chúil, nó'n lúghaide an láthair,
Fithcheadh miúin má shiúbhail be ráithche ann.
Mairg ad cheann a sheanndaig thúnda,
An eagal leat gauntan an am do dhúiladh,
An dóith a ghliosaire buile gur baoghal duit,
Ol na Sionaiune tirim nó taosgadh,
Tráth na fairge, 's tarraint an t-sáile,
'S clár na mara do agaipe le sgáis,
Breathain a n-am air leambas do smaointe,
'S ceangail do cheann le banuda timpeheall,
Seachain a d-tráth,—ná fáz do chiall?
D'eagla mná bheith páirteach, fiall,
'S da g-caithfeach sí'n lá le cách dá riar,
Beidh tuillo s dó sháith le fághail na n-diaig.
Mo chúmha! mo chráidh! budh bhreagh sin éad bheith
Air lúbaire láidir, lan-mhear, léadmhar,
Sanntach, sáthach, rásta, seasmhach,
Ramsach, ráflach, rábach, rabuirpeach
Lasgaire luasgach, luaimneach, liomhtha,
Balcaire buan, no buailteoir briogbmhar,
Faraire suaire, no cuardóir cumasach,
Sgathfaire suthaip, no cluaidóir cuisleanach,
Acht seanduine seannda, crannda créimtheach,
Feamaire feannta, 's feamm gan féile.
Is mithid dam chroídhe bheith lionta léithe,
'S m fongantas tré gach smaointe baothadh.
Cead do bheith sgaoilte o chuibhreach céile,
An eaglais sinsir snuidhm na cléire.
Mo chrádh gan liaghas! mo threighid dam fnásgadh,
Is láidir m'fhoighneadh, 's méad mo ráige,
An chuid atá dúm air dith gan acia-ne,
'S mian ár g-croídhe fá shuúm na h éide.
Nách boeht an radhare do mhaighdean ghradhmhar,
A d-toirt, a d-taidhbhse, a m-bol I, 'sa m-breághthacht
Bloska a n-aghaidh 'gus sofilse a ngáire,
A g-corp, a g-cofm, a d-toil, 'sa d-támh-chruith.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "War-path and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $2.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 79 Dearborn-st., Room 30, Chicago, and by all Leading Booksellers.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BROWNE—At Dangan, county Roscommon, Dec. 12, Patrick G. Browne.

FLANAGAN—At Watertown, county Kildare, Dec 12, Bridget, youngest daughter of James Flanagan.

GALLAGHER—At his residence, Carrowinlean, Coolaney, county Sligo, Dec. 2, suddenly, of heart disease, Jno. Gallagher, aged 53 years.

KIRK—At No. 45 Royal Canal, Dublin, Dec. 11, Edward Kirk, son of Thos. Kirk, Ashbourne, county Meath.

LAWLOR—At Elmgrove Lodge, Ballivor, county Meath, Dec. 5, Michael Lawlor, a native of Eadstown, county Kildare.

LITTLE—At Clongowes Wood College, Dublin, Dec. 10, Peter Stanislaus, son of Judge Little, aged 16.

MENENDEZ—At Greenwich, London, on Dec. 9, the wife of Captain Don Leopold Menendez, and stepdaughter of the late William Evans, of 53 Blessington street, Dublin.

NICHOLSON—At Fort Dodge, Ia., U.S., Nov. 11, Dr. William Langrishe Nicholson, formerly of Waterford.

NOLAN—At James' Street Hospital, Dublin, Dec. 10, James Nolan, of No. 133 Upper Abbey street, Dublin, nephew of the late Dr. Browne, bishop of Kilmore, aged 75 years.

NUGENT—At his residence, Shievecorna, county Wicklow, Dec. 11, James Nugent, at an advanced age.

O'HANLON—At Ballygarven, Wexford, Dec 7 Patrick O'Hanlon, aged 84 father of the Rev. M. F. O'Hanlon, O.S.F., Wexford.

GRUMLEY—At 48 Marlborough street, Dublin, Dec. 17, Mary L. Grumley.

GLANVILLE—At Moate, Dec. 11, Thomas Glanville, aged 79

COLGAN—Dec. 19, at No. 15 Clarendon street, Dublin, Joan Colgan.

FLEMING—Dec. 19, at Baggot street hospital, Dublin, Lizzie, daughter of the late Laurence Fleming, Dunleckney, Bagnalstown.

MCDONNELL—Dec. 13, at Mullingar, Pauline, second daughter of C. J. McDonnell, of Kinnegad, Westmeath.

SLATTERY—Dec. 19, at Ernest House, Richmond, Fairview, Frances, relict of the late James D'Arcy Slattery, of Limerick, aged 90 years.

VALLELY—Dec. 15, at Ardress, county Armagh, Ellen, wife of James Vallely.

BUNBURY—Dec. 21, at Our Lady's Hospice, Haroldscross, Ellen Bunbury, aged 27 years, late of Derryougter, county Kildare.

CLARKE—Dec. 19, at No. 18 St. Patrick's road, Drumcondra, Mary, relict of the late Patrick Clarke, Ellenderry, and formerly of Ballinahill, King's county.

DORNAN—At No. 211 Clonliffe road, Dublin, Jane, daughter of the late Constantine Dornan, Coleraine.

GRIBBIN—Dec. 20, at No. 53 Lower Dominick street, Dublin, Margaret Gribbin.

MCNAMARA—Dec. 14, at Ballycahane Castle, Croom, Johanna, widow of the late John McNamara, aged 67 years.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THE WASHINGTON WIRE

Further Correspondence on the Behring Sea Dispute.

LETTERS OF BLAINE AND SALISBURY

The Secretary of State Believes the Controversy Turns on a Single Point, Namely: Was Behring Sea Included in the Phrase "Pacific Ocean" in the Treaties of 1824-5?—Marriage of Chief Justice Fuller's Daughter.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—The president has transmitted to the house of representatives further correspondence on the subject of the Behring sea controversy between the United States and Great Britain. The president's message is altogether formal and merely states that it is in response to the resolution of the house of representatives that he transmits the correspondence called for. The correspondence consists of a letter from Lord Salisbury to Sir Julian Pauncefote, dated Aug. 2, 1889, and one from Secretary Blaine to the same minister of date Dec. 17 last. Both have copious appendices made up of past correspondence on the subject.

Ready for Impartial Arbitration.

Lord Salisbury's letter is confined to a discussion of the Russian ukase and the treaty of 1825. He argues that Mr. Blaine has misinterpreted Mr. Adams' position, and declares that the history of the case shows that England always denied Russia's claim of maritime jurisdiction in Behring sea; that the convention of 1825 was a renunciation of that claim, and that Behring sea was not then known by that name but as part of the Pacific ocean. He closes with the statement that if differences still exist his government is ready for impartial arbitration by methods to be agreed upon in concert with Mr. Blaine.

Behring Sea Excluded.

Secretary Blaine's letter begins with an insistance upon the correctness of the position assumed by the United States. He believes the controversy turns upon one point—whether the phrase "Pacific ocean," used in the treaties of 1824 and 1825, included Behring sea, as contended by Great Britain. If the United States can prove the contrary her case is complete and undeniable. Mr. Blaine enters into an exhaustive argument based on Bancroft's history and maps to show that Mr. Adams and his contemporaries had a distinct understanding that the phase "Pacific ocean" excluded the waters of Behring sea, then known to the world as the Sea of Kamtchatka.

An Explanatory Note.

Mr. Blaine cites the protocols of the treaty of 1824 to show that Russia's relinquishment of jurisdiction applied only to the territory between the 50th and 60th degrees. Also an explanatory note from Russia to Mr. Adams in 1824, positively excepting the Aleutian islands and the country north of 59 degrees and 3 minutes from the concession to the United States of the right to fish and trade. He also cites the action of Great Britain excluding vessels from the waters within eight leagues of St. Helena when Napoleon was confined there, and again refers to the protection exercised over the Ceylon pearl fisheries by Great Britain, saying he is willing to accept those provisions for the protection of the seal fisheries.

Russia's Rights in Behring Sea.

Again he objects to the form of arbitration proposed, and says it will amount to something tangible if Great Britain consent to arbitrate the real questions discussed for the last four years: What were the rights exercised by Russia in Behring sea? How far were they conceded by Great Britain? Was Behring sea included in the Pacific ocean? Did not the United States acquire all of Russia's rights? What are the present rights of the United States? And if the concurrence of Great Britain is found necessary then what shall be the protected limits and close season? Secretary Blaine in conclusion denies that the United States ever claimed Behring sea to be a closed sea and quotes Minister Phelps in 1888, where he says the question is not applicable to the present case.

WALLACE-FULLER.

A Very Interesting Wedding Takes Place at Washington City.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—The marriage of Miss Mildred Fuller and Hugh Campbell Wallace took place Monday evening in St. John's church. Miss Mildred is the third daughter of Chief Justice Fuller. Mr. Wallace is a business man of Tacoma, Wash. Promptly at 8 o'clock a choir of twenty four surpliced boys came from the vestry of the church and advanced to the chancel singing the marriage hymn. After them came the two clergymen—the Rev. Dr. Weston, of New York, who married Chief Justice and Mrs. Fuller at Grace church in Chicago twenty-five years ago, the officiating clergyman, and Dr. Douglass, rector of St. John's, who assisted him. Following the clergymen came the groom and his best man, who was his brother, Thomas B. Wallace.

Reception at the Fuller Residence.

At the same moment that the choir began to sing the bridal party entered the church door. The arrangements were so perfectly made that Miss Fuller arrived at the same moment with Mr. Wallace, and as the chief justice gave her to him the boy choir sang an anthem. No one ascended the altar except the contracting parties, the maid of honor, and best man. The rest of the party stood below at the chancel rail. At the close of the impressive ceremony the wedding party passed down the ribbon-guarded aisle and proceeded to the home of Chief Justice Fuller on Massachusetts avenue, where for an hour and a half Mr. and Mrs. Wallace held a reception. The house was profusely decorated with Christmas greens, holly, and mistletoe. The church was crowded with guests and over 1,000 people came to the reception. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace took the late train for the south. They will have a tour of two months through Florida and Cuba, after which they will go to their home in Tacoma.

The Suspension of Col. Forsythe.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—Numerous telegrams are passing between Gen. Miles and war department officials, but few of them are made public. Since the suspension of Col. Forsythe in the face of the enemy many telegrams touching that case have passed between Secretary Proctor, Gen. Schofield and Gen. Miles. These telegrams are not made public, but it is known that an important telegram from Gen. Miles about the Forsythe case was laid before the cabinet Tuesday by Secretary Proctor. Its contents could not be positively ascertained, but army officials who are in a position to know intimate quietly that Gen. Miles does not indorse the suspension of Col. Forsythe, and in suspending him he simply carried out the orders from the White House.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—No quorum of the senate appeared until 10:45, and then only after a call of the senate had been ordered. There were but six senators present when the body was called to order at 10 o'clock. After a quorum had been secured and the journal read, some routine business was transacted and further consideration of the financial bill proceeded with.

The Killing of Sitting Bull.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 6.—The house committee on Indian affairs will report favorably on the resolution calling for the correspondence about the killing of Sitting Bull.

MADE AN ASSIGNMENT.

Failure of the Dueber-Hampden Watch Company, of Canton, Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 6.—The Dueber-Hampden Watch company, of Canton, Ohio, one of the largest concerns in the United States, made an assignment in this city Monday afternoon to Howard Douglass. The collapse of Dueber is no surprise to those on the inside, for he has been considered shaky for some time. He moved his extensive works in Newport, Ky., just across the river from Cincinnati, about two years ago, and greatly enlarged his business, adding to the manufacture of watch cases that of watch works.

Fought the Watch Trust.

Mr. Dueber was one of the few men who fought the watch trust and they determined to drive him to the wall. At his Canton factory he employed nearly 2,000 hands. The watch trust, which included the Waltham, Elgin, Howard, and Rockford companies, made frequent overtures to Dueber, but he declined them all, depending upon the small jewelers to stand by him, which they failed to do. In the deed of assignment it is stated that the assets are $1,500,000 and the liabilities only $350,000. The concern is a stock company, with John C. Dueber president and owner of a large majority of the stock.

A FRIGHTFUL PLUNGE.

Twelve Miners Precipitated a Distance of 460 Feet.

SAN ANDREAS, Cal., Jan. 6.—Twelve men were almost instantly killed in Utica mine, Angel's camp, Monday, at about noon. A load of men were being lowered on the "skip," and when about 150 feet from the surface the rope broke, precipitating all a distance of 460 feet to the bottom of the shaft. This makes the second serious disaster that has occurred at Angel's camp within a little more than a year. In December, 1889, sixteen miners in Lane mine perished miserably in a side tunnel, where they were confined by a fall of earth loosened by heavy rains. Angel's is in Calaveras county, on the line of the old stage road from Stockton to Yosemite valley, and has been made famous by Bret Harte in poem and story.

Moonshiners at Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The international revenue collector's deputies found an illicit still in full blast in Brooklyn Monday. The moonshiners, whose names are not known at present, selected a dreary spot in an open field in the rear of the cemetery of the Holy Cross on the Carnarsie road for the still. It is in a two-story brick building with an extension, standing in a field. The front part of the structure, which was used as a distillery, was full of steam when the officers entered the place, but the operators had fled. Mash-tubs were found of about 2,000 gallons capacity, besides 200 gallons of distilled spirits.

The Finances of Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 6.—Mayor Chapin's message, submitted to the common council Monday, shows that the debt of Brooklyn is $38,131,565.78, and the assessed valuation of the city's real and personal property is $452,758,601, showing an increase in nine years of 77 9-25 per cent., while the net debt has decreased $43,855.69 in the same period. He says that a substantial reduction in the tax rate should and can be made permanent.

Will Not Retire at Present.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—There is the best authority for stating that the report of Gladstone's intended retirement is unfounded, or at least premature. A friend of Gladstone said on Saturday that the ex-premier intended to be in his seat when parliament reassembles, and that on the 4th of February he would bring up the religious disabilities bill, in which he takes great interest. It is the bill intended to remove the remaining disabilities of Roman Catholics.

"Fired" All the Italians.

ROME, Jan. 6.—A remarkable domestic revolution was effected in the Vatican Monday. Every Italian in the service of his holiness the pope has been dismissed, and the duty of the papal domestics, both in the interior and the ante-chamber, have been transferred to foreigners. This is in consequence of an inquiry which showed that Signor Crispi had secret agents among the people employed in the Vatican.

Failure in Dry Goods.

MONTREAL, Can., Jan. 6.—At the demand of the foreign creditors, J. A. Patterson & Co., dry goods, of this city, have made an assignment. The principal creditors abroad are English, French and German firms, whose claims amount to $87,000. A number of United States firms are also interested. The principal Canadian creditor is the Bank of Montreal, which has a claim of $115,000.

End of a Long Legal Contest.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 6.—The long contest in the federal court here between the Breckinridge company, limited, of London, and Dr. Hugh Kennedy and his heirs has been settled by the purchase of Dr. Kennedy's interest by the Englishmen. The property involved was the cannel coal mines at Cloverport, Ky., valued at $3,000,000.

Potatoes for Starving Irish.

LONDON, Jan. 6.—Another English war vessel, the Grappler, has arrived on the west coast of Ireland with a cargo of potatoes for the starving people. A great deal of suffering is reported, even the diseased potatoes now being exhausted.

Annoying Mrs. O'Shea.

LONDON, Jan. 6.—Mrs. O'Shea has been greatly annoyed by reporters and others, since her arrival in Paris. She is followed about everywhere, and can not take a walk on the street without instantaneous cameras being leveled at her.

BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

The Comments Made by The London Standard.

THE OUTLOOK IS VERY UNPLEASANT.

Minister Lincoln Admonished to Return to His Post and Devote Himself to the Matter at Hand—Sad Accident to a Party of Merry-Makers on the River Danube—Testing a Submarine Gun—Foreign Flashes.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The Standard, commenting on the recent phases of the Behring sea dispute, says that the matter wears a very unpleasant aspect. Even the possibility of a rupture between England and the United States, the paper continues, can not be mentioned without a feeling of deep regret. The United States, says The Standard, may count upon a continuance of that full measure of patience, courtesy and firmness which England has already displayed in the settlement of this vexed question. The article then significantly adds: "But Mr. Blaine would do well to bear in mind that the firmness will be commensurate, should the moment arrive for its exercise, with the patience and courtesy with which he has so far been treated. He seems extravagantly anxious to put himself in the wrong."

Will Not Bow to Blaine.

Referring to the absence from London at this juncture of the United States minister, The Standard says: "Mr. Lincoln can not too soon return and devote himself to ascertaining the intentions of our foreign office and communicating them to his government. There is not a person in England but would hear with profound regret that shots had been exchanged between British and American vessels—except in courtesy. But it would excite greater regret to hear that the British flag had been insulted, and that the national honor had not been vindicated by prompt reprisals, but we will never believe that the American people will suffer its public servants to force a conflict by a wanton outrage on our flag. We gladly bow to the tribunal of international law, but not to the nod of Blaine. We trust he will not persist in a menace which is certain to be resented and resisted."

SWEPT UNDER THE ICE.

Sad End to a Frolic on the Ice in the River Danube.

PESTH, Jan. 5.—The ice covered surface of the river Danube between Buda and Pesth was Sunday the scene of a startling tragedy. A crowd of merry-makers were holding high carnival on the ice when, after a series of loud and sharp reports, the ice broke in a number of places, and the great fissures, through which ran the clear water of the river, appeared confronting the skaters and cutting them off from the shores. Panic immediately seized upon the isolated groups, and in the awful rush for safety which followed, a number of the terrified skaters either dashed into, were crowded or drawn into the swift running water which rapidly sucked them under the ice and swept them away.

Many Persons Missing.

Everything possible was done by those who escaped and by those who were observing the recently happy and cheerful scene from the shores, to rescue the unfortunate victims. Many were saved at the moment when death seemed inevitable. It is, however, known that a number of persons who were on the river at the time of the catastrophe are missing, and it is feared that they were drowned.

The Railway Strike in Scotland.

GLASGOW, Jan. 5.—Councillor Tait addressing a meeting of striking railway men Sunday, appealed to those who had been reinstated in their places to rejoin the strikers. He warned them that if they refused, they would find their positions uncomfortable when the strike ended in victory for the men. Both the officials of the companies and the strikers consider the coming week the crucial period of the contest. The result of the fight depends upon the ability of the railways to cope with the problem of moving the large amount of accumulated goods.

A Gun That Shoots Under Water.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—A sub-marine gun, invented by Toseli, has just been submitted to a series of tests in Lake Como, which have proved highly successful. It was shown that the gun could be lowered to any depth desired, held stationary there and fired at will. The experiments were conducted under the auspices of the Italian government.

Elections in France.

PARIS, Jan. 5.—In the senatorial election Sunday M. Freycinet was returned for the Seine by 579 out of a total of 665 votes. M. Jules Ferry was elected for the department of the Vosges by 723 out of 997 votes. M. Waddington was elected over M. Pouyer-Quertier in Rouen. On the first ballots the Republicans gain eight seats.

Fifty Persons Were Killed.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—The Times has a dispatch from Vienna stating that as a result of an explosion which occurred in the Trinity coal pit in Polish Ostrau on Saturday last fifty persons were killed outright.

Nine Deaths Have Resulted.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—Up to date the total number of deaths resulting from the Wortley school house disaster is stated to be nine. A number of the children injured on that occasion are not out of danger.

Been Stealing for Twelve Years.

STOCKBRIDGE, Mass., Jan. 5.—Charles Willis, for fifteen years treasurer of the Stockbridge Savings bank, is a defaulter. Defalcations amounting to $33,300 have been brought to light so far and further stealings are expected to be disclosed as the examination of his accounts proceeds. The stealing has been carried on with regularity for more than twelve years.

Death of Emma Abbott.

MINNEAPOLIS, Jan. 5.—Col. John T. West has received a telegram stating that Emma died at Salt Lake City at 7:40 Monday morning. The body will be embalmed and sent to Chicago. Her father, Seth Abbott, who lives here, will go to Chicago to meet the remains.

Gen. Spinner Buried.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 5.—The funeral of the late Gen. Francis F. Spinner was held at Mohawk Monday afternoon. There was a very large attendance, and many officers and attaches of the treasury department were present.

SURROUNDED BY SOLDIERS.

Indications That the Indian Trouble Will Soon Be Ended.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 2.—Maj. Gen. Schofield has received a telegram from Gen. Miles at Pine Ridge agency, stating that the troops are gradually but surely hemming the Indians in on all sides. From Pine Ride, as a central point, he is in person directing operations. The troops now available for service consist of twelve regiments of infantry, five regiments of cavalry and several batteries of artillery. This force is now about the Indians in the Bad Lands, which is about fifteen miles south of Pine Ridge agency. Since Gen. Miles arrived, he has sent Gen. Brooke to the front, and Gen. Brooke will assume active command of the troops while Gen. Miles will assume general directions of the campaign from Pine Ridge.

The Final Stand.

The troops have now all passed beyond the line of telegraph wires and all orders have to be sent by couriers. The point in the Bad Lands selected by the Indians for a final stand, is described as composed of lava beds, somewhat similar to those of California, and not unlike the ground, in general contour, where the Modocs made their stand. In all about 3,000 Indians have assembled at this point, which is on the White river. With them the Indians have driven as they moved large quantities of cattle, and are well supplied, it is said, with provisions. Of the 3,000 Indians only about 500 are believed to be warriors, the others being women and children.

Will Be Given One More Chance.

Gen. Miles in his dispatch intimates his intention of making one more effort to bring the Indias in peaceably, and if they refuse to resort to such means as will be necessary to compel them to return to the agency. He expresses confidence in his ability to quickly terminate the Indian troubles, having them as he has completely surrounded. War department officials refuse to give the text of his telegram received Thursday, but gave the above as its substance. Secretary Proctor laid the telegram before the president, and unless orders are sent from here countermanding the expressed intentions of Gen. Miles, a peaceable or bloody termination of the Indian war may be looked for within the next forty-eight hours.

HURLED INTO ETERNITY.

Frightful Explosion on a Tow Boat on the Ohio River.

PORTSMOUTH, Ohio, Jan. 2.—The tow boat Anna Roberts exploded a cylinder head Friday at 9 o'clock, opposite here, tearing open the boiler deck of the boat and hurling the mangled bodies of five dead men and about ten or twelve wounded into the river. The boat was bound for Pittsburg and was moving slowly up the river, but with a full pressure of steam. Most of the men killed and injured were sleeping in their bunks at the time of the accident. All were horribly burned, scalded, and some mangled by pieces of iron. Following is a list of the dead: Frank Perry, deck hand; Ben Lawson, fireman; James Swail, J. B. Shaw, deck hand, and James Green, deck hand. The damage to the vessel is very slight. It is owned by a Pittsburg firm, and most of the crew lived there.

EXCITEMENT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Indignation Over England's Renewal of the Modus Vivendi.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 3.—Advices received from Newfoundland indicate that the excitement and indignation over England's renewal of the modus vivendi with France are still rife. A dispatch from Placentia says: Friday's public news announces the deplorable fact that the modus vivendi had been agreed to between France and England for another year. The telegraph office was crowded by an indignant public to ascertain if the report was true. Crowds assembled near the postoffice and in the strongest terms condemned this treacherous act. The hotter heads suggested that the British flag be torn town from the court house and the stars and stripes be hoisted in its stead, and America appealed to for protection.

Routed by Angry Women.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Jan. 3.—At the Blue Creek mines a pitched battle was fought between the wives of the striking miners and a crowd of negro miners and their families. The company had moved the negro miners into the houses from which the white miners were recently evicted. The wives of the strikers, armed with flat-irons, frying pans and sticks attacked the colored women and children and soon drove them to the woods. The negro men attempted to interfere and were at once set upon by the angry women and children and soon drove them to the woods.

Heroic Rescue of Seamen.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 3.—United States Consul General Frye has sent a dispatch to his government recommending that a reward be paid to the captain and three of the officers of the British steamer Deerhill, for their heroic rescue of the captain and crew of the bark Amelia, of Machias, Me. The rescued men were taken from their sinking vessel by a volunteer crew from the Deerhill when the seas were running mountain high.

Governor Peck Inaugurated.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 5.—The new Democratic state officers were inaugurated at Madison at noon Monday with simple ceremonies. Governor Peck, on his arrival at Madison, was met by the reception committee with a band and escorted to the capitol where the inaugural oaths were administered by Chief Justice Cole, and each retiring state officer escorted his successor to his department and put him in possession.

Two Amazons Fight with Knives.

WHEELING, Jan. 5.—Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Miller, two women residing on the banks of Ten Mile creek, quarreled at the home of the first named over the circulation of a scandal, and agreed to fight it out in the kitchen without spectators. Each seized a buteberknife and a terrible combat ensued, at the end of which both women were badly used up. Mrs. Wilson's injuries will, it is believed, result fatally.

Novel Exhibit for the Fair.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—Hasseeb Effendi, of Damascus, who recently arrived by way of the barge office, had charge of an exhibit at the centennial display in Philadelphia and also at the late Paris exposition. He proposes to make an exhibit at the coming World's fair in Chicago. It will be a reproduction of a section of the chief street of Damascus.

The ice on the Danube, near Pesth, gave way Sunday while it was crowded with skaters, many of whom perished.

"A RACE WITH DEATH!"

Among the nameless heroes, none are more worthy of martyrdom than he who rode down the valley of the Conemaugh, warning the people ahead of the Johnstown flood. Mounted on a powerful horse, faster and faster went the rider, but the flood was swiftly gaining, until it caught the unlucky horseman and swept on, grinding, crushing, annihilating both weak and strong.

In the same way is disease lurking near, like unto the sword of Damocles, ready to fall, without warning, on its victim, who allows his system to become clogged up, and his blood poisoned, and thereby his health endangered.

To eradicate all poisons from the system, no matter what their name or nature, and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, or eruptions, swellings, tumors and kindred disfigurements, keep the liver and kidneys healthy and vigorous, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Unlike the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May, the "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well all *the year round.*

It's the only blood-purifier sold, through druggists, absolutely *on trial!* Your money returned if it doesn't do exactly as recommended. It's a concentrated vegetable extract, and *the cheapest* blood-purifier and liver invigorator sold, through druggists, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A MONSTER AVIARY.

Something About the Largest Bird Cage That Has Ever Been Built.

California may well boast of its big trees, its waterfalls of the Yosemite and its mammoth fruit and vegetable products, but it has added another laurel to its crown in the possession of the largest aviary in the world. An hour's journey from San Francisco by water and rail brings one to the quiet little town of San Pablo, in Contra Costa county, and a short drive from there is the old and well known Alvarado Rancho, now owned by Henry F. Emeric. Over an area of 2,500 acres of fertile ground are scattered orchards and wheat fields that yield wonderful crops, and near the center of this domain is the old home of Mr. Emeric's father, now deceased.

It is a quaint structure, with shaded verandas, and its roof is robed with a mantle of pure white Castilian roses. Fronting the house are parterres of choice flowers of innumerable kinds, bright with color and as fragrant as the breeze wafted odors of Ceylon. There are, in fact, 310 varieties of roses alone to be seen, and in the conservatory there are rare orchids and other valuable plants.

Through the vista of weeping willows and peach and apple trees, heavily laden with Bellflowers and Winter Nellies, the aviary is seen. This feature of the place is an airy structure of closely netted wire, sustained at intervals of fifteen feet by wooden uprights, forming a perfect cage. It is 175 feet long and 60 feet wide. Within its confines is a miniature forest of quince trees, the tops of which emerge through the netting. This, in addition to a covert of thick brush, affords admirable shelter for the birds in summer, while in the winter they have the use of a large house that is in the cage for their protection against the elements. With commendable foresight Mr. Emeric has stocked this aviary with English pheasants and Chinese golden pheasants, and there are also hundreds of quail there, merely as a side issue.

Mr. Emeric estimates that he has over 400 pheasants, and he proposes to set loose 100 or more of them each year to run wild through the country, and will give many away to those who desire to propagate them. This will, of course, be of great benefit to all lovers of bird shooting, and besides will assist materially in increasing the number of what are now a rare species of fowl in this state. The pheasants are fed with wheat, and occasionally chopped liver is given to them. They are crossed with bantam hens, the result being game cocks that are as pugnacious as their imported sires; and the pheasant is notably a fighting bird. The golden pheasants are only fitted for an aviary, and occupy the position that a Sevres vase does in a drawing room.

Mr. Emeric has completed negotiations to have a large invoice of bobwhites sent to him from the east, and then he will increase the proportions of his aviary to three times its present size. This bird is similar to our California quail, only a little larger, and is better flavored. It is a great favorite with eastern hunters, and will be gladly welcomed by local sportsmen. The same course will be pursued with these birds as with the pheasants. The propagation of these valuable and interesting birds is a hobby with Mr. Emeric, an expensive one naturally, but one that he can afford, and his efforts should receive the earnest support of all those who are interested in the introduction of new birds on this coast.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mrs. Stanley.

Mrs. Stanley is unlike any one I know; she is quite herself. In the first place, she is tall, much taller than American women grow as a rule, but she carries her inches well, and you would not suspect her height unless you stood by her. Her features are regular and are more striking in profile than in full face, and she has a quantity of dry brown hair that seems to be flying loosely about her head, though it is held well together with unseen pins. Her house gowns are what we call "æsthetic" for want of a better word. They, at least those that I saw, are made of soft clinging stuffs, and the collar, that lies flat about her neck, is made of the same material.

She is a bright conversationist without trying to be, and a very enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Stanley. Nothing apparently makes her happier than to be doing something for him. She told me with great glee the other day that he found that she could answer some of his letters as well as he could himself. About her own work she is very modest, and yet there is no artist in all England who better depicts the life of children than she does.—New York Letter.

He Considered It a Compliment.

Pryor—Look here, Charlie, you must stop smoking those villainous cigarettes. They will soften your brain and——

Cholly—Thawnks! Baw Jawve! A thousand thawnks! You are dooced kind, Pwyor.

Pryor (as Cholly moves off)—Well, there's gratitude for you, Hawk. I actually believe the fellow's going to swear off.

Hawk—No, that wasn't it. You see, the poor chap has been told so often that he has no brain that he feels highly flattered by your concern.—Spirit.

An Exhausting Place.

Mistress—I am at a loss to understand your motive in leavin.

Bridget—The work is too harrud, mum, and it's worn out I be entirely.

Mistress—Why, I have done most of it myself.

Bridget—Yes, but it's worn out I be hearing yez tell me of it.—Munsey's Weekly.

After the Proposal.

She—No, I can't marry you, Mr. Juvenile, but I'll act a mother's part toward you.

He—Mother's part! What do you mean—to ridicule me?

She—No; just what I say: I'm engaged to your father.—Kate Field's Washington.

Conversation Suited to the Day.

Mamma—My dears, you should not talk about students on Sunday. It is not right.

Ella and Carrie (in chorus)—But, mamma, we're talking about theological students.

Mamma (with sigh of relief)—Oh!—Kate Field's Washington.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 10, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Haulon-Volter-Martinetti Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—"Die Muenchner."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Paul Kauvar."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Blue and the Gray."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Held by the Enemy."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—"Honest Hearts and Willing Hands."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Hearts of New York."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

NORTH KILKENNY'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The Rev. Father Nicholas Murphy, of Kilmanagh, county Kilkenny, Canon O'Neill and the Rev Father Ryan, of Ballanakill, stood faithfully by Mr. Parnell throughout the Kilkenny campaign. It is sad to have to relate that, like the Romans at the bridge, the three stood lone—"few and faint, but fearless still." They were, indeed, "saving salt," something vitally needed in the unfortunate constituency of North Kilkenny, which occupied toward Mr. Parnell about the same position that the squad of French soldiers who were detailed to shoot Marshal Ney, he who "fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her," occupied toward that hero.

Father Murphy was particularly exasperated by the fatuity of his brother clergymen and the majority of the constituency. Two days before the election he issued the following letter to the men of North Kilkenny:

"Having in vain applied to my brother priests, both in public and in private, not to take on themselves the fearful responsibility of helping to banish Mr. Parnell out of public life, but to leave that odious task to more congenial hands, I have now to make a final appeal to my lay fellow countrymen to pause in due time and to reflect on the terrible responsibility that is now being cast upon them. During the present year, while making a tour around the world, I had occasion to remark that the name of Kilkenny was not in as good repute as it ought to be, considering the noble qualities of its generous sons and the place occupied by it in the records of Ireland. A distinguished son of North Kilkenny, Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, gave me two reasons for this evil reputation of Kilkenny's name. He said it was due in the first place to the treatment of Brian Boru's wounded soldiers after the battle of Clontarf by Ossory men, and they and Kilkenny were regarded as synonymous. Again, at the time of our greatest Irish parliament, the Confederation, the Bishop of Ossory, David Rothe, although a very learned prelate, foolishly persuaded the people of Kilkenny and the majority of the Irish bishops, against the advice of the Pope's nuncio, to join hands with the English faction, headed by the astute Ormonde, and to discard the brave army of the victor of Benburb. The result, as we all know, was Cromwell and desolation.

"Now a like crisis has arisen, and the name of Kilkenny is again on its trial. If we at the bidding of an English dictator—as astute as a dozen Ormondes—consent to sacrifice our most gifted and successful political leader we may be making a great political mistake. But for us Kilkenny men it may mean more than a political mistake; for, even though Charles Stewart Parnell may, in the opinion of some, deserve political execution, it is a very cruel destiny that Kilkenny men should be selected as the executioners of that sentence. People don't wish to have any sentence of death, especially that of a great chief and benefactor, carried out on their premises. Are politics such an easy study that we can feel certain that we are not doing an irreparable wrong to Ireland by hunting her most gifted son out of public life? Why then should we consent to become his political executioners, to have our historic county turned into such a shameful shambles? Why render the name of Kilkenny men all the world over for ever hated as the political butchers, cutthroats, or hangmen, who did the dirty work of England by the political execution of Ireland's only statesman—Charles Stewart Parnell? Why should we not leave this disgraceful task to the people of some other constituency? And now the issue having been placed plainly and squarely before you, you cannot plead the surprise or panic of, like one of our county towns, your names from generation to generation will be a synonym for treachery and ingratitude, a byeword and a curse, as the political executioners who, in a moment of excitement, dashed the cup of hope from the lips of your mother Erin, by depriving her of the priceless services of her most deserving son. The good or evil name, then, of generations of Kilkenny men will be decided by the voting on Monday. The world is eagerly watching the result. Heaven and earth are witnesses that if Kilkenny fails one priest is guiltless."

THE CITIZEN is no believer in the meanness or magnanimity of certain Irish counties and districts as compared with other counties and districts. The Irish people, like most other people, average about the same all over. THE CITIZEN knows some North Kilkenny men who are as devoted sons of Ireland as ever crossed the Atlantic. James Stephens, himself, was born in Kilkenny Town, which stood manfully by Parnell, but which, unfortunately, is not included in the North Kilkenny district. But it was most unfortunate that North Kilkenny should have been placed in the position it was. All the forces of Mr. Parnell's opponents were poured into the constituency. The priests were excited by the attitude of the bishops, and the people by the attitude of the priests. The worst blood of the district was uppermost for the time being. If the North Kilkenny election could have been deferred, or if it had been allowed to go by default, Ireland would not have been disgraced by recent proceedings. In spite of all opposition, from altar and platform, 1,200 North Kilkenny men voted for Mr. Parnell's candidate. Those 1,200 represented the real national sentiment. Eighteen hundred men failed to vote at all. Hence the result. Now, Ireland will have time to think matters over before the next election occurs. She will see the necessity of maintaining her independence of English parties, and she will rally around Parnell with her old time enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, it is strongly evident that the more vigorous section of the Irish people in America are about to make themselves felt again. The document from the New York Nationalists published in THE CITIZEN of last week, shows clearly the drift of Irish revolutionary sentiment. It respects Parnell for his ability, and for his moral courage, but it would not lament his removal from active political life, for the reason that he is the only man of the Irish party who can make any impression on either Great Britain or Ireland by parliamentary methods. The Irish Nationalists regard any approach to parliamentary success under the leadership of the mild McCarthy, the emotional O'Brien or the ascetic Dillon as impossible. Hence the retirement of Mr. Parnell would mean the return of the extreme Fenian element at home and abroad to the front of Irish politics. THE CITIZEN believes strongly in the Fenian element, and the Fenian policy, and it honors the Fenian element for having refrained from interfering with Parnell, so long as there was any hope of obtaining self-government for Ireland without resort to force. Now, however, that the alleged "constitutional" and "moral" party seems desirous of shelving Mr. Parnell, in order to placate the English Whigs, it is not to be lamented that retribution should come upon them by the reappearance in the field of political action of men who were never afraid to take all the consequences of their forceful policy.

IT LOOKS LIKE WAR WITH ENGLAND.

There is a good old proverb which says "Long threatening comes at last." The relations between our government and that of Great Britain are so strained at the present time that, unless one side or the other backs down on the Behring Sea seal fishery question, war is inevitable. THE CITIZEN is quite sure that whatever crawfishing is done will not be performed by the American government. Mr. Harrison has his peculiarities, but he is not lacking in either physical courage or ardent patriotism, and, should he be compelled to wage war for American rights and honor, American citizens of all parties, as in duty bound, will "hold up his hands" and "rally round the flag" in thronging millions.

The English government is the aggressor in this matter, as it has been in every discussion it ever has had with this country. It prides itself on its navy, which is a pretty big one, it is true, but President Harrison knows that he can, by operation of our armed cruisers, and by issuing letters of marque to privateers, sweep British commerce from the face of the ocean within two months after war is declared. It is true that our coasts are pretty poorly fortified, but a great deal can be done to remedy their condition if congress will only act promptly in face of what really seems to be an impending difficulty. The president fully realizes the danger. He has been threatened by Lord Salisbury, through Mr. Blaine, in a most shameless manner, and Mr. Harrison has replied to the English premier's threat by sending about half of our available war ships to the neighborhood of Behring Sea, to await the opening of the seal fishery season. This surely looks like business. Conservative and patriotic American papers, like the Chicago *Tribune*, predict trouble in the spring, and THE CITIZEN congratulates the *Tribune* on the manly stand it has taken in the Behring Sea question from the first. Following is, practically, President Harrison's reply to Lord Salisbury's threat that he "must hold the government of the United States responsible for the consequences arising from acts of interference with British vessels, contrary to the principles of international law:"

Under orders from the Navy Department no less than eleven warships and five revenue cutters will soon be in commission in the Pacific and ready for duty, in addition to the chartering and arming of seven steamers for revenue cutter duty in the Behring Sea. The United States naval force will number twenty-three ships, against the five British gunboats and one armored vessel at present protecting the Canadian poachers' interests in the North Pacific.

The orders sent out from the Navy Department during the last few weeks have included the immediate fitting out of the San Francisco, the transportation from New York by rail of 150 men for the San Francisco, the commissioning of the cruiser San Francisco, the ordering of the corvette Swatara, just returned from the Asiatic station, to join the Pacific squadron; the ordering in commission of the corvettes Marion and Alert, now in San Francisco; the ordering of the Omaha, flagship of the Asiatic squadron, to proceed at once to San Francisco; the ordering of the Thetis to be fitted out for duty upon the alleged assignment of surveying duty.

In view of the present Behring Sea controversy and the chartering of seven steamers for revenue cutter duty, the above disposition is deemed ominous. As the fishing season does not begin earlier than May, the concentration of the twelve warships can be effected before the revenue cutters are ready to proceed to the Behring Sea. It is believed the whole United States force in the Pacific will then concentrate off Port Townsend. Concerning the Omaha, she can be got ready to join the Pacific fleet in the spring.

The following tables give the strength of the American force now in the North Pacific:

AMERICAN FLEET.

Name.	Numb'r of men.	Numb'r of guns.	Speed per hour Knots.
Cruisers—			
San Francisco	400	12	20.00
Charleston	325	8	18.00
Corvettes—			
Omaha	300	12	12.00
Swatara	225	8	10.00
Mohican	225	8	12.00
Marion	225		
Iroquois	160		
Ranger	100		
Thetis	90		
Yantic	135		
Alert	145		
Pinta	125		
Revenue cutters—			
Bear	50		
Rush	45	4	
Corwin	40	2	
Wolcott	35	2	
Total	2,625	66	

Should the seven steamers be chartered the above force of men will be increased to 3,000 and the number of guns to 118.

The trouble is expected to begin some time in May. If England reinforces her Behring Sea squadron, there is certain to be a collision, and, if a single shot is fired, nobody can predict when the war so kindled may terminate. As Russia has sealing interests in the same region, it is not improbable that she, too, may take a hand in the unpleasantness. If she does, it certainly will not be on the side of England. Meanwhile, when the time comes, Irish Americans will, as ever, know how to do their full duty by the glorious land of their adoption.

PLAIN SPOKEN IRISH PRIESTS.

Some ultra radical Irishmen—Catholics all of them—have been finding fault with the editor of THE CITIZEN for saying, at the Battery D Parnell meeting, that hundreds of the Catholic priesthood were as patriotic as the laymen. Well, it is pretty hard to please everybody; but THE CITIZEN thinks the following extract from a speech delivered by the Rev. Christopher Mullen, parish priest of Moynalty, county Meath, a few weeks ago, will convince the ultra radicals that the editor was right when he said there are many patriots among the Irish priests. Father Mullen, in taking the chair at a meeting called to consider the Irish crisis, said:

"Fellow parishioners, I am glad to say that I am thoroughly in accord with your opinions on this great crisis. I am convinced that it is honorable, good, and an act full of gratitude to follow Parnell as leader, notwithstanding the unfortunate protests hurled against him. The Irish people knew well when they took Parnell up as leader that he was a Protestant. If he was a Catholic we could complain, but as a Protestant we have nothing to do with his religion. All the arguments I have heard against Parnell beg the question. It is honorable, good, and grateful to follow Parnell as leader. We are ungrateful dastards and cowards if we do not follow him. Who raised up the Irish party? It was Parnell. He left his own party—the aristocracy—and joined the people of Ireland in a struggle for independence. From a little twig the cause he advocated became a brave old oak with a hundred arms strong. Was not the church opposed to John Martin? All the clergy—nay, even the bishop—was opposed to him, but before long they wisely changed their political opinions and took sides with John Martin, and with the aid of Parnell they drove out the landlords from parliament—the wolves from minding the sheep. The same will happen again. We will all unite under Parnell and become a 'bursting' agitation. Mr. Gladstone once said, 'All I want from Ireland is a bursting agitation to deal with the landlords.' We had no life in us till now. We were milk and water agitators, but now we will become like when Wellington said, 'Unless you grant emancipation you will have to face a revolution in Ireland.' Providence has sent us a great leader in Parnell. He has done wonders for us. He traveled America in famine times, and perhaps he will travel it again. He roused a despondent people and banded them together in league, forming a constitutional movement which brought the government to their knees. It would, therefore, be a great misfortune and ingratitude to discard him, as I believe he is destined to lead us to the promised land."

Surely no Catholic laymen, in Ireland or in America could use bolder or manlier language in regard to Irish affairs than that used by the Rev. Father Mullen. What more could any rational man expect him to say?

The Rev. Father Murphy, P. P., whose remarkable letter we have quoted elsewhere, said in a speech to his parishioners of Kilmanagh, among other things:

"People said he was an exception, and that there were not other priests of the same way of thinking. Were they not aware that there were other priests of the same way of thinking? (Cries of 'Yes, yes.') Were all the priests opposed to the candidate of Charles Stewart Parnell? Every priest could not be as independent as he was, and they could not blame them. He said respectfully to his ecclesiastical superiors that it was not fair to the priests to put them in the position in which they were almost compelled to assent to those resolutions that were placed before them and placed in such an antagonism to the people they loved and who loved them so well. Now, the question was, and he proposed it to Mr. Healy, who was one of their sharpest reasoners, that we acknowledge that the bishops and priests had a right to have a voice in the nomination of their members, and the clergy of Ireland as well had a say in all questions concerning morality, and that they had a right to object to men that would not represent morality. But it was perfectly absurd that any bishop or priest should claim to have the whole nomination of the Irish members. (A voice, 'They would be wrong.') How could they claim Home Rule with such a principle? Did they expect that when they had Home Rule the clergy should nominate all the members for Ireland? They never could have unity in Ireland, and all Ireland would be against them in such a case. No reasonable man thought for a moment that the bishops or priests of Ireland should have the entire nomination of the Irish representatives. As the head of that parish, from the Catholic point of view, he was father of the poor. They had a certain number of poor law guardians, and he claimed, as representative of the church, a voice in their nomination, and as a matter of respect and courtesy to him his people gave him a share in that nomination, and when any poor law guardian was to be elected they must prefer his nomination. If he happened not to be a reasonable man he might nominate a man that might be a good, religious man, but a bad business man, and that would not now look after the interests of the union, but allow the rates to be squandered. If he did that things might become very unpleasant; but the people understanding him he was allowed to have a voice in the nomination of poor law guardians, and when the rate payers allowed him it was on the understanding that they had good poor law guardians, and so it was that there was perfect harmony between the claims of the church and the people. In the same way, with regard to members of parliament, the bishops and priests rightly expected that they should have a man to represent their views; but the people expected that a good business man be selected, that a good salesman should be selected to carry on their business in the great market of England—a man who would know how to look after their interests and buy and sell for them in the English markets. That was the position they fought for—that all their people should have the right to have their views heard, and have weight in the nomination of members to represent Ireland. When that election would be over there would be a bitter feeling against the priests, and he hoped that his fellow priests would take this lesson, that they would moderate themselves in their action against the national movement. He hoped his fellow priests would be beaten, and if they were he would say that religion would be saved in this country, for he happened to know that after their victory there would be bitterness against the clergy and against religion that it would take many a long day to put an end to. If Mr. Parnell was deposed he did not know how the movement was to be carried on. Archbishop Walsh had said that everything that was done was done after Mr. Parnell came, and how could he (Father Murphy) take upon him to recommend to them to have him hunted out from National life? If Mr. Parnell was hunted out he could have no faith in any Irish movement. If the clergy would but stand aside, in a few weeks they would have a united Ireland."

The language of the patriotic priests quoted sounds like the noble sentiments of the Rev. Father Kenyon in other days. Pity it is that there are not many more Father Mullens and Father Murphys to teach the Irish people how to become freemen—a condition that is frequently reached by knowing how to distinguish between the spiritual and the temporal in affairs of State.

THE many friends of Father James M. Hagan will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed pastor of LaGrange to establish a parish. We congratulate the people of LaGrange upon their good fortune, and we hope they will appreciate their new pastor. Father Hagan will lecture at the Sodality Hall, West Twelfth street, next Monday evening. Subject: "Catholics in American History."

THE many friends of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Qualey, Woodlawn avenue and Sixty-second street, will be pleased to learn that John A. Qualey, Jr., arrived safely at home on New Year's night, and has already made himself heard in the world. Mrs. Qualey is doing well, and Mr. Qualey, Sr., was never so happy in his life. You began the New Year well, John A. Keep up the record. Hearty congratulations.

THE Very Rev. Canon O'Shea, who made the nominating speech for Capt. O'Shea, when that person was elected member for Galway, has come out in a strong letter in which he declares that neither Mr. Parnell nor Capt. O'Shea had any other than a political understanding at the time. Parnell considered O'Shea an able man, and wanted him in the party. He was so confident of O'Shea's patriotism that he did not deem it necessary to exact a pledge from him.

OBITUARY.

MRS. KITTIE GILLESPIE BURNS.

Several well known and highly respected Irish American families of this city have been greatly afflicted in the death of the idol of their happy domestic circle, Mrs. Kittie Gillespie Burns, wife of Mr. James M. Burns, long connected with the firm of W. J. Quan & Co., which occurred at her residence, No. 25 Winthrop place, at midnight on Monday. Mrs. Burns was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gillespie, and sister of Mrs. T. J. Sullivan, Mrs. Richard Walsh, and Messrs. Harry and Arthur J. Gillespie. She was a bride little more than a year when death summoned her to the other shore. The immediate cause of her death was puerperal fever. A baby boy, only a few days old, survives the young mother. To add to the affliction, Mr. Burns himself is very seriously ill, and was unable to attend the funeral of his beloved wife. Mrs. Burns was a petite blonde, of remarkable beauty, and her sweet and kindly manner made her a universal favorite. The immense attendance of prominent citizens, and their families, at the obsequies testified to the high esteem in which she was held by all who knew her. She would have been 23 years old had she lived until her next birthday. In her case the words of the poet fittingly apply.—

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to earth!

The funeral occurred on Thursday morning from the family residence to the Holy Family (Jesuit) church on West Twelfth street. The beautiful casket was entirely hidden by the great profusion of floral tributes laid upon it by Mrs. Burns' mourning friends and admirers. The following gentlemen acted as pall bearers: Messrs. Sidney Hulbert, Mortimer Breen, William Wight, Thornton Lewis, Joseph Chennan, and Charles Goodwillie. Following the pall bearers came Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walsh, and other members of the immediate family, all clad in deep mourning. The beautiful and capacious church was crowded with relatives and sympathizers, while solemn high mass of requiem was chanted by the Rev. Father Wineman, who, at the conclusion of the mass and prayers for the dead, delivered an eloquent funeral discourse in which he did full justice to the virtues and Christian life of the lamented lady. The long procession of carriages then reformed; the casket was reborne to the hearse, and slowly the cortege escorted the honored relics to the Milwaukee depot. The cars were taken to Calvary cemetery, where all that was mortal of Mrs. Burns was laid to rest.

REAL HOME RULE.

[*Nashville American, Jan 4*]

More and more the question of Home Rule for Ireland recedes to wait upon another question which the Irish must settle for themselves and by themselves—the question as to whether Irish politics shall be controlled by the Irish people or the Irish priests. The opposition of the latter to Mr Parnell was in itself no matter for complaint; they had a right to their opinions and to use all proper and legitimate means to impress them on others. But when they call to their aid the thunders of the church of Rome; when they seek, as in the case of Mayor Horgan, of Cork, to humiliate those who have dared to support the cause of Mr. Parnell, they challenge the latter and his friends to another contest as important to the Irish people as the question of Home Rule, for it involves the very essence of that question. What would Home Rule for Ireland mean? Would it mean the rule of the people or the rule of the priests? That is the question involved in the contest. Mr. Parnell might well refuse to consider any terms of compromise or adjustment of the difference between himself and his former friends on the ground that a new issue had arisen which must be determined. We should have a greater admiration for his courage and patriotism if he would peremptorily declare that Home Rule for Ireland must wait until it has been determined what Home Rule means. Mr. Parnell cannot do a greater service for his country and the cause of liberty than by keeping this question to the front, no matter if the cause of Home Rule should have to wait for a season. The value of Home Rule to the Irish people will depend largely upon their independence of priestly dictation, and they will be better prepared for Home Rule and more easily obtain it when they have learned this lesson. There is nothing upon which the spirit of modern liberty is more uncompromising than the doctrine of complete separation of the affairs of Church and State. The cause of Ireland has been largely aided by American sympathy and American money; this aid has not been by any means confined to Irish Americans, but has come from men who love liberty and detest tyranny. But it would be a sad shock to the friends of the Irish people in America if they should learn that the confessional is the source of political power in Ireland. What the friends of Ireland in America want to see is not Protestant Home Rule or Catholic Home Rule, but Irish Home Rule. No doubt the priests would be more in sympathy with the people and would govern them with more justice and moderation than they have been governed in the past. But that is not the question. Government controlled by such influences is thoroughly vicious in principle, totally destructive of that independence of thought and freedom of will which fits men for the duties of citizenship and is sure, sooner or later, to degenerate into a government of and for and by the church—the worst and most cruel of all despotisms.

We believe the Irish people are ready for this question. We believe that the issue once squarely made and bravely fought, that the Irish people would assert their independence of priestly dictation and thus demonstrate their capacity for self government. And we believe that this being demonstrated, Home Rule would be conceded practically without opposition—not priest rule, but Home Rule.

[Our esteemed contemporary is, doubtless, not aware that Irish Roman Catholics do not carry their politics into the confessional, and that no Catholic clergyman, worthy of the name, would degrade that sacred repository of the sins of men to such a purpose. When Catholic priests take part in politics, they do so openly. The confessional is out of the question.—ED.]

Irish Columbian Club.

A general meeting of this body was held last Sunday for the purpose of electing officers for the present year. The following were elected: President, P. G. Smyth; Vice President, George W. Nolan; Treasurer, J. J. Trent; Recording Secretary, Charles F. Kelly; Financial Secretary, T. J. Masterson; other members of the council, Eugene Davis, James P. Lynott, Owen R. Campbell, T. J. Quinn, M. Murphy, and M. Connolly. It was agreed that the club hold weekly general meetings till further notice, for purposes of organization, etc. Next meeting on Sunday next, at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall.

A MODEL STEAMSHIP.

[*New York Tribune, Nov. 9, 1890.*]

NEW YORK, Nov 8, 1890.—*Editor of the Tribune—Sir:* Every American is interested in the pioneer experiments made by Mr. Griscom, of the Inman Line, to establish an American line of steamships superior in point of speed and safety to that of the lines of the great foreign companies. The City of New York has proved herself to be the model steamship. This has been most conclusively shown in her recent trip from Liverpool. Much space has been given to the description of the wonderful feat performed by this vessel in competition with one of her most powerful rivals, but one point of superiority has not been mentioned. I was a passenger in this vessel and noted with great astonishment the fact that no sea was able to make this monster vessel roll. Last Sunday the vessel encountered the severest gale of the year; it was a direct head sea; the waves rushed over the upper decks on both sides from bow to stern for nearly twenty-four hours. None of the passengers was able to be out for nearly twenty four hours. Nothing except a cyclone or a hurricane could have tried the vessel more severely, the water struck upon the vessel with the force of a rock. It would come with a great driving force and then there would be a resounding blow like thunder, which would shake the vessel from end to end. Nothing could so illustrate the severity of these Titanic blows of the sea as the fact shown by the breaking of an enormous iron bar, four inches in point of diameter, in the forward part of the vessel by an unusually heavy wave striking directly upon it. In the face of this tremendous driving sea, this great vessel made the unparalleled record of 414 knots. A naval expert who was on board of this ship said he did not think there was any other vessel afloat in any navy which could have made this distance against such a heavy sea. The most remarkable feature of the vessel, however, is that she did not roll all through the storm. I do not believe there was any glass or a bit of crockery broken from one end of the vessel to the other. She pitched as a matter of course, in going through the great seas, but otherwise she was as steady as a church, and as comfortable as a hotel on land. T. C. CRAWFORD.

The "Pilot" for 1891.

The first number of the *Pilot* for 1891 is just issued. It contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Patrick Donahoe, its founder, who has just resumed control of it; able editorials on the present crisis in Irish affairs; Roman news of more than ordinary interest; and many valuable and opportune contributions. The departments, and the special literary features, which have made the *Pilot* so prized as a family paper, as "Our Boys and Girls," "Correspondents' Column," etc., are up to their usual high standard. The paper has been enlarged so as to give about a page additional of reading matter; and, altogether, enters on its fifty-sixth year with all the advantages that a good editorial staff, a big and growing subscription list, and a field as wide as the country can give it.

With his thumb, a boy is said to have saved the Netherlands from inundation. Many people have been saved from the invasions of disease by a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine imparts tone to the system and strengthens every organ and fibre of the body.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys a world-wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing gray hair to the original color of youth.

IN THE APACHES' LAIR.

John F. Finerty's Ride Over a Trail Soaked With White Men's Blood.

He Tells of One of His Adventurous Hunts for News—A Night of Chilling Terror in a Wild Country.

[*Chicago Tribune, Jan. 5*]

August and September, 1881, were bloody months in Apache-cursed Arizona. Duty of a journalistic nature brought me to San Francisco in the latter part of August. After a long and weary tramp in the wilderness of the Northwest, I was enjoying myself hugely with some companions from Chicago and elsewhere when one morning very early I received a dispatch from the home office directing me to join Gen. E. A. Carr at Fort Apache without delay.

This meant a run of 1 200 miles by rail alone to Willcox, in the neighborhood of Tucson, where Gen. Willcox, then commanding the Department of Arizona, had established his headquarters because of a sudden outbreak of the White Mountain Apache scouts, in the United States service, who had been seduced from their allegiance by the wiles of an Indian False Prophet, or New Messiah, who was, I believe, the first of the aborigines to assume that character. The Apaches are a peculiarly restless, excitable, treacherous, and bloodthirsty tribe of red men, who have been mostly acquainted with Spanish methods of "civilization," and who have greatly improved on the cruelties of their conquerors. No other tribe of Indians equals the Apaches in the refinement of the tortures they visit on their captives. They have, indeed, reduced torture to a science, and woe to the white man who falls into their hands while they are on the warpath. All the agony that Hell itself can inflict hardly equals the experience of the wretched captive in the hands of Apache hostiles before death finally terminates his sufferings.

THE GENTLE APACHES' METHOD OF TORTURE.

The first process of torture is generally the running of the gauntlet. The victim is stripped naked and is compelled to run between two lines of Indians, all armed with heavy and supple wands. By the time he reaches the end of the course he is half flayed alive. Then he is tied to a stake. The squaws and children then take burning brands and drive them into his flesh, sometimes burning out the eyes. Sharp sticks are driven under his finger and toe nails. Charges of gunpowder are fired into his skin at so close a distance that he is literally filled from head to foot with redhot atoms of the explosive. Should he exhibit any signs of weakness, water is dashed upon him until he returns to a full consciousness of his terrible position. Then a few expert warriors cut out his tongue, cut off his ears, nose, and eyelids, and wind up by cutting off his toe and finger joints. If any life is left in the wretched subject after this butchery, what remains of him is burned to ashes at the stake.

People who have never had any experience with the Indians may imagine that the foregoing picture is overdrawn. I wish sincerely that it could be truthfully so described, but I can assure the readers of this sketch that scarcely half the fiendish tortures conceived by the Indian brain have been enumerated. Nearly every Indian tribe treats its captives with a cruelty which devils might envy, but the Apaches have never been equaled in this line. I had had many previous experiences of the wild denizens of the frontier, and I confess that I felt anything but desirous of making the acquaintance of the diabolical Apache tribe. But there was no way out of it. I was, in professional honor, bound to obey orders.

THE PRELIMINARIES TO THE RIDE.

It is a long, and hot, and dusty ride, in the month of August, from San Francisco to Tucson, in Arizona. California, at that season, looks parched and sickly. The scenery along the Southern Pacific railroad is at no point particularly striking compared with that to be observed along the other great routes between the two oceans; but after passing the Colorado river at Yuma, the traveler might well imagine himself suddenly transported into a portion of the Great African Desert. A freight train off the track delayed us for many hours in the most desolate portion of this Sahara; and nervous passengers began to say: "What if the Apaches should attack us right here?" There were no hostiles within 500 miles of where we were, but imagination is a wonderful multiplyer of danger. If the Apaches had come they would have found us helpless, because the railroad authorities, fearful of train robbers, compelled all the passengers who had guns to deposit them in the baggage car. At last, by the aid of a force of Chinamen, the track was cleared, and we reached Tucson greatly behind time.

I found the quaint old place in the midst of a great Mexican festival. The people were in no way different from those I had seen in Old Mexico—only that there were many more Americans among them. The low adobe houses, the narrow, shadeless streets, the dust, dirt, heat, and glare all reminded me of the average sun scorched pueblo in the land of the Montezumas. The costumes of both men and women were distinctly Mexican. The bazaars were extensively patronized and most of the revelers indulged in eating sweets and drinking Coahuila wine. There was no disorder whatever, because the priests acted in the capacity of special policemen, the festival being of a religious character.

I met at this festival a Mr. Giller, who had interests in the Sonora mines, and who had had many hair breadth escapes from the Apaches. He was a modest, gentlemanly person, and gave no outward indication of the daring courage he was said to possess. But, in the end, his courage availed him nothing. A few years ago, during the last Apache outbreak, he was waylaid in a canon, shot from his saddle, and scalped. He warned me in Tucson to be very careful during my proposed trip, and related many stories of adventure among the mountains, in which I could perceive, notwithstanding the modesty of his narration, he had borne a heroic part.

Having procured a supply of money for campaigning expenses at Tucson I pushed forward by rail to Willcox and overtook on the way the commanding General and his staff. I learned from them with no small dismay that no troops would be sent to Fort Apache from Willcox for some time, as sufficient had gone to reinforce Gen. Carr from Camp Thomas, about sixty miles north of the railroad. On reaching Willcox I found it to be a small, wooden-built village, wholly destitute of the comforts of civilization. The General established his headquarters in the freight depot. A company of the Eighth Infantry under Maj. Worth, son of the Gen. Worth of Mexican fame, formed the garrison. We had news of massacres all along the Gila river, and the situation at Fort Apache was said to be most alarming. The mail drivers had been attacked, and one had already been murdered, so that it was difficult to find men to undertake the work at any price. I could not procure an animal for love or money at Willcox, and unless somebody could be engaged to drive the buckboard with the mail to Camp Thomas the chances of my getting forward were not very bright.

Finally Maj. Worth, to whom I had related my troubles, came to me with a beaming face the next morning after my arrival at Willcox and said: "We have found a man to drive the buckboard; if you care to take the chances you can go with him. Let me say, however, that you will have to drive through one of the most dangerous districts in Arizona."

I knew too well the temper of the home office to hesitate, so I hastened to secure passage and complete preparations for the journey. I was armed with a trusty Winchester rifle and an army revolver. The man who had agreed to drive the buckboard was introduced to me by Maj. Worth. He was a middle-sized, blonde bearded person of about 35 or 40, with a handsome, resolute face. He gave his name as Charles Bryan and said that he came originally from Chicago.

"Do you realize the kind of country we've got to go through?" he asked, with a peculiar smile.

"O, yes," I answered, "but I have made up my mind to go with you."

"That settles it," said he; "and," glancing at my rifle, "I see that you are ready for emergencies."

It was well along in the afternoon when we drove out of Willcox, followed by the best wishes of the officers for our safety. I found the driver, Bryan, a most intelligent and agreeable companion. He knew the country well, and pointed out to me many places rendered memorable as scenes of Apache atrocity. We were driving through a narrow valley, rich in grass, between two rather lofty ranges of mountains, and those mountains, Bryan said, were the chief lurking places of the Apache marauders. When hard pressed they retreated into those rugged defiles, and sallied forth, when the road was clear, to rob and murder the settlers who were exposed to their attacks. All the ranches we passed by—there were not many of them—were barricaded, and on the roofs of some armed sentinels were posted. News of fresh murders came along every hour, and at one ranch it was said that the town of Willcox itself was threatened. We met Bartolo Saminargo's wagon train, manned by the proprietor's brother and half a dozen teamsters, when near Camp Grant. It was returning from San Carlos Agency after having left there a large cargo of food for the very Indians who were then engaged in raiding the white settlements. When returning from Willcox with a fresh cargo for the agency a few days later young Saminargo and all his teamsters were attacked and killed by the renegade Chiricahua tribe not many miles from where we encountered them.

THROUGH THE HOSTILE COUNTRY BY NIGHT.

Night had fallen blackly when we reached Camp Grant, over twenty miles from Willcox. We found everybody there more or less excited, and many ranchmen from the surrounding country had come in for safety. The most dangerous part of the journey lay before Bryan and myself; but we determined to go ahead. We changed horses and had supper before resuming our journey. The night was so dark that the road was invisible and Bryan was obliged to trust to the horses' instinct to find the way. Our road ran close to the base of the rugged mountains on the eastern side of the valley and it pursued a very up and down course. The sides of the little ravines across which we drove were, as far as we could see, covered with chaparral or underbrush—admirable positions for ambuscading purposes, and, indeed, so they proved to six military telegraph repairers, who were ambushed and killed in one of them a short time afterwards.

The stars began to come out about an hour after we left Camp, now Fort, Grant, and we could see much better where we were going. I remarked to the driver that the stars were much better than nothing in the midst of darkness. He shook the ashes from his pipe, examined his firearms, and said: "I don't mind the stars so much, but it might go hard with both of us if the moon should rise before we make Camp Thomas!"

"Why?" I asked him.

"Why? This is why," said he. "The Apaches very seldom attack in dark, or even starlight nights; but, when the moon comes out full or nearly full, they are even more dangerous than in the daytime. I have been an this frontier for a long time and I know all their habits. I wouldn't for all the silver in Sonora that the moon should rise before we sight Thomas!"

"But," said I, "we have a good team, and are well armed!"

'Good team—well armed!" said he, half scornfully. "Why, the Indians would shoot our horses the first thing, even if we had a chance to start them up. As for our arms, if we escaped their first volley, we might kill a few of the rascals by way of revenge, but it would be all up with us afterwards."

"You don't seem to be in a very hopeful frame of mind," I remarked to him.

"Well," said he, "its none of my business, to be sure, but, do you know, I think you were foolish to make this trip. This is the first mail that has been run further than Grant in ten days. If you want to know what makes me dread the rising of the moon so, I'll tell you."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure, under the circumstances," said I.

THE GUIDE'S STORY.

"Well," said Bryan, knocking the ashes again out of his beloved pipe, and putting that unsavory article in his coat pocket, "you remember when old Cochise was on the warpath in these parts? You do? Well, Cochise, during times of peace, would come into the towns occasionally to buy tobacco and other stuff. One day, at Tucson, some of the Mexicans recognized him and made an attempt to kill him. I happened around at the time, and, with a couple of other white men, managed to drive off the Mexicans and saved the chief's life. The red man seemed very grateful and shook hands with me and my 'pals' very warmly. Then he went his way, and the first thing we knew he was on the warpath again worse than ever, but particularly against 'Gressers.' I was but a young fellow then. I had been wild at home. Father wrote and said as how I might come back and all would be forgotten, but somehow I preferred, and do yet, this wild, risky kind of life. So I was driving buckboard one night—the moon was at its best—along by Dos Cabesas (Two Heads) Mountains, singing to myself, as lonesome boys will, and cracking my whip for all it was worth. Well, all of a sudden my team shied at something I couldn't see just then and we upset in the ditch. I tried to get up, but felt myself held down by strong arms, and out on the midnight air rang the awful Apache war-whoop! It made me feel sick at the stomach like, because I knew how they always treated their prisoners, and expected nothing but a lingering, horrible death at their hands.

"The chief who seemed to be in charge of the war party—they numbered about a score of warriors—slapped me in the face and called me a dog. I was tied to a pony's back and the whole party started for the mountains. We traveled until daylight, and from the little Spanish I had picked up I knew they were making for the main camp. We halted for a short time and then pushed on through a most difficult 'box canon'—a canon with perpendicular sides and no seeming outlet—until we reached the village. This was about the middle of the afternoon. The chief who captured me told me in broken English that I would be burned at once, and they began to drive home a stake and build a fire. I tell you, I began to feel the cold sweat running down my back by that time. They had stripped me to 'run the gauntlet,' when I heard a loud yell on the outside of the village, and several warriors rode into camp at a mad gallop. 'Ugh! Cochise!' said the warriors who were preparing me for the sacrifice. Soon the old chief rode up to where I was standing, naked as Adam, in the burning sun. He looked at me for a moment. I knew it was of no use to show the white feather, so, although I was trembling with fright, I said never a word. He got off his horse and came up to me. He said something to the other Indians, but all I could make out was 'White man, Tucson, amigo!' (friend) He came up, shook me by the hand, and said, 'How!' He kicked down the fagots around the stake and told them to root it up. Then they let me put on my clothes and gave me something to eat. I remained in the Apache camp all night—in Cochise's wickyup—and in the morning Cochise and his immediate following escorted me within sight of Fort Bowie. They never returned my team, however; but I was glad to get off as safely as I did. That is why I don't like to travel this Apache country moonlight nights."

HALTING AT THE RANCH.

The driver ceased speaking and urged his team to a faster trot. We had not proceeded at this pace for more than half an hour when a voice from out the darkness suddenly cried out, "Halt! Who goes there?" "Friends!" promptly answered Bryan, bringing his team to a standstill. I looked again and beheld the outline of a long, low ranch, on top of which two human figures were discernible. All were armed, as we could tell by the clicking of the gun-springs as they brought their hammers back to half-cock.

"Well, Charley, my man," said one of the fellows on the roof, "you must think d—d little of your scalp to be entering Plantain Canon in such times as these. Who is that duffer along with you?"

"A friend of mine," said Bryan. "We are at Cedar Springs. I change horses here," he said to me. 'Get out and stretch your limbs.'

I was very glad to comply with his request. The men at the ranch, who were rough but good-natured fellows, told us that several murders had been committed by the Apaches in and around Plantain Canon during the few preceding days. They advised Bryan to wait over until next evening, as the moon would rise about 2 o'clock, and he could not hope to make Camp Thomas before that hour. "If," said the man in charge, "the Indians jump you in the canon it's good-by to you. Many a mail driver has left his bones bleaching there before now."

"I have never broken my word yet," answered Bryan, 'and I'm not going to do it now. Give me the gray team and I'll go through this canon like a streak of greased lightning."

"What is the length of Plantain Canon?" I inquired with a very natural degree of interest.

"About six or seven miles," answered Bryan, as he fastened one of the traces. "Don't you think you had better remain here?"

"No," I answered. "I'd feel disgraced if I were to desert a brave fellow like you in the hour of danger."

THROUGH THE BLOODY CANON.

'Get in then," said Charley. He sprang after me. "Hiyi! Get up there!" he yelled, as he lashed the horses vigorously. "Good-by!" shouted the occupants of the ranch. The grays galloped as if they were running away, and for nearly the whole course of the canon they kept the pace. When near the other outlet heavy clouds, which had been driving across the stars, broke into a deluge of rain and the grays were compelled to slacken their speed. The canon began to be considerably uphill toward the end, and, even through the uncertain gloom, the dark walls seemed to frown sternly upon us. At last we debouched from the jaws of the defile upon a broad plateau, studded with dwarf oaks and juniper trees, as I discovered subsequently. We were still many miles from Camp Thomas. Almost at the moment that we cleared the pass, the rain ceased to fall, and the waning moon burst out from the lingering clouds with startling brilliancy.

"By ——! there's the moon," cried Bryan. "I feared we'd have it before we could get in. This plateau is as heavy as lead after that rain. It would be tough to run into the Apaches now, after escaping them in the canon. Look at the black mass yonder, far in our front. That is the mountain chain above the Gila River, and below it lies Camp Thomas. We have still a long way to go, and this would be a bad place to get jumped in."

He ceased speaking and placed his pistols within reach. I also got my "shooting irons" in readiness and slowly, over the heavy trail, the gallant grays, all steaming with perspiration and covered with foam, proceeded. Bryan knew we were in a position of deadly danger, because we were traveling over a portion of the country that had been recently reddened by the blood of many a victim, and were within sight of the Gila River, upon whose current were even then floating the corpses of settlers slain by the devilish Apaches. I confess that I felt anything but comfortable. Yet, as a matter of pride, I bid my alarm from my brave companion; but I never can forget the thrill of joy and redemption I felt when, after what seemed to be an age, I beheld a light that I knew, or thought I knew, to have been lit by Caucasian hands, some distance in advance.

Bryan saw it at the same instant and exclaimed, "We are all right now! That is a hospital light at Camp Thomas. I know it well. I tell you what, mister, you have made the most perilous ride of your life in safety."

It was three o'clock when we halted in front of the sutler's quarters. The sutler's son, a young gentleman I had met in previous wanderings, admitted us, and we were both glad to accept the stimulant he hospitably placed at our disposal. Next day we learned that several people had been murdered on the road over which we came only a few hours previously. Such were my experiences on my first, but by no means my last, night ride in Arizona.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

PERSONAL.

The numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Coffy, No. 226 Marshfield Ave., will be sorry to learn that they lost their baby boy, after a brief illness, during the week.

FROM NEW YORK.

New Year's Calling—Liberty for Russians—Raising the Price of Cigars.

NEW YORK, Jan 5.—While all the newspapers of the metropolis are loudly proclaiming that the time honored custom of New Year's calling is dead, perhaps it may be well to state, for the benefit of non residents, that such is by no means the case. In spite of the frightfully bad weather this New Year's I believe the custom was observed about as much as ever. There is something mysterious concerning the rise and fall of popular observances, and this custom of New Year's calling is an illustration. Every year as regularly as the first of January appears the newspapers assert that it is dead; and just as regularly the old custom rises up again to confound its enemies. The wisdom of the thing has nothing to do with it. The fact is it is still very much alive. No doubt "society" has discontinued it, but what "the 400" should be mistaken for the whole of our population is something hard to understand. Popular customs are not easily changed. When the centennial of Evacuation Day was celebrated in this city a few years ago the papers predicted that the celebration would become thenceforth an annual occurrence; yet experience has proven that the people have forgotten all about it. It would be hard to tell when Evacuation Day is not celebrated and it would be hard to tell why men go about in a maudlin condition making calls on New Year's Day.

RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONIST.

Stepniak, the Russian revolutionist, has arrived here and is preparing to lecture throughout the country on the cause of "Free Russia." His books, "Russia Under the Tzars" and "Underground Russia," are very well known works, and have created a stir wherever they are allowed to be read. The author and lecturer says he hopes to arouse the sympathy and enthusiasm of the American people in the cause of Russian liberty. The Russian people, he says, want the right to vote and to worship as they please. They want a parliament and the nationalization of the land. The latter is a little farther than even Americans have got, nevertheless they will not begrudge it to the Russians, and will doubtless give the patriot a very hearty welcome. Mr. Stepniak will deliver his first lecture next month at the Metropolitan Opera House, his subject being "The Revolutionary Movement in Russia."

RAISING THE PRICE OF CIGARS.

The manufacturers of cigars in New York and Philadelphia are attempting to raise prices, but thus far have not met with any great success. Several meetings were held in this city and a general advance of about $5 per thousand was to take place by New Year's in both New York and Philadelphia. The manufacturers deny that they intend to form a trust, and claim that the increase is necessary on account of the increase in the cost of material. The rate of wages has also advanced and the manufacturer must raise the price or receive less profit. Retailers have laid in a large stock, but no doubt will promptly raise their prices in conformity with those of the manufacturers.

NEWS JOTTINGS.

Leonard Jerome is reported to be dying in London.

Germany has taken possession of her new territory on the African coast.

Brigadier General Isaac Van Duzen died suddenly in New York City last Wednesday.

Clinton prison, New York, was damaged by fire to the extent of $300,050. All the prisoners were saved.

Gozo Taleno, the newly appointed minister from Japan to the United States, arrived in San Francisco.

John T. Miller was arrested at Lewisburg, Ohio, for making and selling counterfeit gold five dollar pieces last week.

The body of Gen. Francis E. Spinner, ex United States treasurer, was sent to Mohawk, N Y., for interment.

Dr John B. Hayes, a well-known New York physician, was attacked and badly injured by footpads on Union Square, New York City, early New Year's morning.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago will erect a sixteen story building at a cost of $1.400,000.

Vice President Morton has sold his summer residence, Fair Lawn, on Belle vue avenue, Newport, for $130 000.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre, and Herrmann's Theatre of New York City, were both burned last Friday night (Jan 2) Several firemen are reported to have lost their lives.

The Rev. R. B. Porter, pastor of the Baptist church at Middleton, N S., has been fined $22 for brutally ill treating an ox.

It is said that Lambertville, N J., has a midget 18 years old and scarcely two feet high. She is Mary Kelly, daughter of Patrick Kelly.

Mrs Letitia Tyler Semple, granddaughter of ex President Tyler, has given the old oil painting which belonged to the Tyler family to William and Mary College.

Frank Uncles, of Auburn, N.Y., yesterday broke the world's record at jumping the rope, making 2 000 skips without a break in fourteen minutes and thirty seconds.

Miss Mary E kinton, daughter of Joseph S E kinton, a prominent member of the Philadelphia Society of Friends, has married a Japanese young man.

A company has been organized in Chicago for the delivery of parcels and light weight goods throughout the city and suburbs by means of bicycles. Articles of incorporation have been applied for.

Two distinct earthquake shocks with but a few seconds' intermission, occurred at San Francisco at two minutes past noon last Friday. The vibrations were nearly north and south.

E. E wood, of Mount Morris, Mich., guessed he would die nine years hence. He was so sure of it that he had his tombstone erected and dated 1899. His prophetic vision was at fault, as he has just died.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo K Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

CADYVILLE, Clinton Co., N. Y., Dec. 24, 1890.

Dearest and best friend:

Benefactors of the human race.

With joy and pleasure I testify to the wonderful cure and virtue of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic. A poor sick boy in my parish was for years the victim of falling sickness and fits. Given up by physicians as incurable he is now, (*mirabile dictu,*) strong and healthy. No mistake but a few bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic saved his life. May God bless you, the noble benefactors of humanity; you have the prayers of the boy, of his parents, of myself and of all the parishioners. Words fail to express my thanks to you. Ever truly your cordial friend,

FATHER J. McGOWAN, Rector.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

COR WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Beginners' Class, Monday Evenings. Advance class, Tuesday and Friday Evenings, admission 25c a person. Private lessons $1.00 per hour. Hall for rent for Balls and Parties. Sleigh parties received all nights excepting Saturday nights.

CLINE BROS, Proprietors.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1890, being the 16th day thereof. MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D 1890 Edward Mackey vs David Mackey. In Chancery. No. 87,740.

Notice is hereby given to the said David Mackey that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Would rather be without bread

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, Marquettte, Mich., Nov. 7, 1889.

The Rev. J. Kosabiel of above place writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I feel now a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Cured entirely after 12 years!

TONAWANDA, ERIE CO., N. Y., Febr. 1889.

My daughter had fits from fright since 12 years, sometimes 3 to 4 attacks within 24 hours without any warning; during these spells her thumbs would be cramped toward the inside of her hands, her mouth be drawn sideways, her neck would swell up, and her face assumed a blueish color, this would last from 10 to 15 minutes after that she slept, was drousy for about 2 hours.—We tried many remedies without any improvement, but 6 bottles of Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic cured her at last; we therefore recommend this remedy to all sufferers.

JOHN EDIN.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price $1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for $5.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

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Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

KIDNAPED!

"Perhaps the strangest adventure I ever had during my twenty years upon the sea," said Capt. Nevins, "was during the summer of 1858. I was 15 years old at the time, and was living with my parents in San Francisco.

"My chief delight in those days was the study of navigation, of which I never grew tired. My father, who was a master of that science, being a retired sea captain, took great pains to gratify my desire for knowledge in that direction, and in order to afford me a chance to pursue my studies he made arrangements to send me on a voyage to Hong Kong on the Jeannette.

"The Jeannette was commanded by Capt. Guy Wentworth, an old friend of my father, and as he had always been kind to me I anticipated a most pleasant voyage.

"I was provided with a set of navigator's instruments, including a costly watch, and was to keep a reckoning through the voyage.

"In addition to the ship's crew there were on board the Jeannette about twenty Chinamen, who had made large sums of money in the gold fields, and were returning to their native land to enjoy their wealth. Their money, which was nearly all in gold dust and nuggets, was stored on board the ship.

"Among the sailors on board the Jeannette was a man by the name of Jack Peters. He could not have been less than 50 years of age, tall, raw boned, with a complexion as brown as an autumn leaf. From the very first he seemed to take a great liking to me, and seemed greatly interested in my progress in learning navigation. At every opportunity he would engage me in conversation, yet I could not make up my mind to like him.

"There was something about the man that caused me to distrust him, in spite of his evident disposition to make me his friend.

"We had been at sea nearly five weeks when one night, just as I was preparing to turn in, Peters came to my room and asked me to go with him. Joe Braddon, he said, who was taking his turn at the wheel, wanted to speak to me.

"I thought it an odd request, as I had but a slight acquaintance with Braddon, but I followed him, little dreaming of the startling events that were soon to take place.

"The night was intensely dark, and a heavy mist hung over the sea. I had not taken a dozen steps after leaving my room when I was suddenly seized from behind by strong arms and borne to the deck. I was about to make an outcry, when a hand was placed over my mouth and a harsh voice warned me that if I made the least alarm I would be knocked on the head and thrown into the sea.

"This induced me to remain quiet while my hands were securely tied behind my back. Then some one took me from the deck, and slipping over the rail descended into a boat that had been lowered alongside the vessel. I was thrust down in the bottom of the boat and commanded to keep quiet upon peril of my life.

"So astonished and bewildered had I been at the sudden assault that it was some time before I could realize what was taking place. I sat there like one stupefied, huddled down, while a dozen of the sailors descended from the ship and took their places in the boat, and the ship swept on her course and was soon lost to sight in the gloom.

"'What does this mean?' I cried, as soon as I dared speak. 'Why have I been taken from the ship?'

"'We'll let you know all soon enough,' replied the voice of Peters. 'We've got use fer ye, an' if ye do the right thing we'll treat ye all fair.'

"'An' if he don't,' said one of the sailors in a threatening tone.

"'We'll feed him ter the sharks,' finished Peters in a calm voice.

"Some of the men now hoisted the sail and the boat was turned to the northwest. My hands were then unbound, and I was free to move about the boat as I pleased, but I was cautioned to make no noise in case we were pursued by the ship. For nearly an hour we continued our course in silence, then Peters said:

"'I reckon thar ain't no use in disguisin' matters, now that we've got the boy in our power. The fact is,' he continued, addressing me, 'we've jist relieved the Jeannette uv a little uv her gold—about $100,000, I reckon—and we want yer ter help us git away with it. The gold all belonged to them heathen Chinamen, an' it didn't look like the fair thing for them to take it out of the country where they made it, an' we decided to bring part uv it back—kind uv an export duty, you see. Now, if you'll help us to git to Formosa we'll do the fair thing by you, an' you'll git your part of the gold.'

"'I don't want any of it,' I replied indignantly. 'I will not be a party to your robbing scheme, but I suppose I can't help myself about assisting you to get ashore, since I am with you, but don't think that I would not give you all over to the authorities if I could.'

"'Oh, we'll risk that,' laughed Peters. 'Only you pilot us to Formosa and we'll do the rest. We'll see that you don't lose nothing, and besides we know you've been wantin' a chance to try your skill at navigatin', and we ain't in favor uv keepin' a boy back when he wants to learn.

"This speech brought a hearty laugh from the sailors.

"I now began to understand the situation in which I was placed. That the men would have no mercy on me if I failed to do their bidding I well knew, yet I felt it my duty to make some attempt to thwart their plans. But I must have time to think, and to gain this it was necessary for me to appear as passive as possible, not to excite suspicion. As soon as the robbery was discovered I knew that the Jeannette would double on her course and try to run down the robbers, and there might be a chance of my arresting them if I managed matters rightly, but any attempt to deceive my captors would be a dangerous undertaking, and should I be discovered would, in all probability, cost me my life. Knowing this, I recognized the necessity of using the greatest caution in what I did.

"The night was still dark, with a heavy mist hanging over the sea, affording an excellent opportunity for the boat to escape the vessel. It was fully two hours before Peters would allow even a match to be lit to look at the compass to ascertain our course. Then the boat was headed for the northwest.

"The night passed, and when morning dawned the sea was still covered with a dense fog. On taking my bearing I found, as near as I could calculate, that we were 21 degs. 12 mins. north latitude, and 122 degs. 54 mins. east longitude. This would make our position about 140 miles east by some 30 miles south of the island of Formosa, and nearly 800 miles east of Hong Kong. By keeping on a direct western course I could readily see that we would miss Formosa full thirty miles and follow in the wake of the Jeannette. As I reflected on this fact it suddenly occurred to me that I might mislead the robbers as to our true position, and while pretending to pilot them to Formosa I might induce them to continue on toward Hong Kong, thereby providing a possibility of encountering the Jeannette. But scarcely had this resolution taken place in my mind when Peters approached and began to examine the chart, asking me to show him our position.

"In response to his request I pointed to a spot one degree north of our true position, venturing the remark that we would reach the island the quickest by keeping in a due western course.

"He made no reply to my remark, but after asking a few questions as to the probable distance to the island he turned to his men and gave orders for the boat to be headed for the north.

"My heart sank within me at this, and for a moment I believed that my deception had been discovered. However, the next moment he explained to the men that it was his object to get as far out of the track of the Jeannette as possible before making for the island.

"Being thus reassured, I ventured to suggest that the Jeannette would most likely search for us among the Bosher islands that lay close to us on the south, but Peters cut me off with the pert remark that I was not brought along to give advice. This left me with no alternative but to quietly submit to being carried away beyond the possibility of encountering the Jeannette.

"My knowledge of the island to which we were bound was of the most meager character, and all I could recall regarding it was that it lay some thirty leagues off the coast of Fu-Kina, a province in southeastern China, and was infested with a tribe of savage and warlike natives.

"All that day we continued our course to the north, then turned westward, and two days later sighted the rock bound coast of eastern Formosa. Continuing our course northward for several leagues we entered a narrow inlet, and passing up this for four or five miles, we landed in a secluded spot, where we disembarked and concealed the boat under a clump of trees that overhung a narrow neck in the little bay.

"In a level spot about 200 yards from the shore a camp was made, and here we remained for three days before I learned anything regarding the future plans of my captors. Then, from what I overheard from Peters in his conversation with the others, I learned that we were to remain in concealment there for three or four weeks, perhaps, when a small vessel—a smuggler on the Chinese coast, I gathered—commanded by an old friend and pal of Peters, would arrive and carry us to Australia. In order to carry out this plan one of the conspirators had been left aboard the Jeannette, and on his arrival at Hong Kong he was to see the smuggler, whose ship would probably be at that port, and acquaint him with the business on hand, and pilot him to the place agreed upon on the west coast of Formosa. What disposition was to be made of me in the meantime I was unable to learn, but I had the gravest apprehensions that it was their intention to leave me on the island.

"However, I was allowed my freedom, and went and came as I pleased. Sometimes I would venture quite a distance inland, wandering over the hills and through the deep canons, in which grew abundance of tropical fruit, while birds of rare and brilliant plumage flew about me through the perfumed air.

"It was about a week subsequent to our landing on the island. I was returning one evening from one of my short excursions inland, when, on crossing a little hill, a strange, startling sound, coming from the camp in the valley below, reached my ears.

"Hastening to the top of the hill I looked down into the little valley, where a strange sight met my gaze. Coming swiftly from a strip of deep forest to the north, leaping over the jagged rocks that covered the hill, I saw a horde of Formosa savages rushing furiously down upon the sailors at the camp, brandishing their spears and gesticulating wildly as they ran.

"For a moment I was almost stupefied with surprise and fear. So suddenly had they appeared upon the scene that it seemed as if they had sprung up from the very earth. I recognized in a moment that I as well as the sailors was in the most deadly peril, for the natives of Formosa are as fierce and warlike as the Sioux and Apaches of our own country.

"I heard the voice of Peters shouting to the men to run for the boat, but before the order could be obeyed the savages were upon them. I heard the rapid discharge of firearms as the sailors rallied about their leader and sought to repel the advancing foe. Then the line of screaming, maddened natives closed in upon them, and nothing could be seen but a mass of struggling humanity. It would be impossible for me to describe the fearful scene that followed, in which the boat's crew were every one cut down and literally hacked to pieces before my very eyes.

"At the first appearance of the savages I had sunk down behind a clump of bushes, and, lying there upon the ground stupefied with horror, I witnessed that awful scene, the horror of which can never be erased from my memory.

"How long I lay there I cannot tell, for I must have swooned at the terrible sight I had been compelled to witness. The next I remember was of lying there among the bushes trying to recall the past. As soon as I could realize the situation I arose and peered down into the valley. The savages had all disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. The sun was low in the horizon, and a deathly stillness had fallen over the scene.

"For half an hour I stood there, waiting and listening for sounds of the savages, but at length, hearing nothing to excite my fear, I stepped from the thicket of bushes and stole cautiously down to the little grove where the camp had been.

"There amid the rank shrubbery lay the mangled remains of the ill fated sailors, disfigured beyond recognition. For several moments I stood there almost paralyzed by the horror of my situation. Then the deadly peril that surrounded me roused me to the knowledge of the necessity of immediate action. It would not do to linger there a moment, as there was no telling when the savages might again appear upon the scene; but what was I to do?

"Suddenly I thought of the boat. Was it still there, or had it been taken away by the savages? With a beating heart I fairly ran toward the place where it had been left. I could hardly suppress a cry of joy as I pushed through the thick branches to the water's edge and found the boat still there unmolested by the natives. A glance told me that nothing had been removed from the boat save a small portion of the provisions, and I at once resolved to put to sea in it and trust to chance to be picked up by some passing ship.

"It only required a few moments for me to board the boat and push out into the little bay. I was well skilled in its management, and soon had the sail hoisted to catch the strong off shore breeze that was now blowing. Taking the rudder, I ran swiftly down the inlet to the open sea. A mile farther on I rounded a headland and was standing out toward the middle of the bay when I heard the sound of many strange voices coming from the shore. Glancing toward a narrow peninsula that lay on my left I saw a band of savages running swiftly toward the water's edge, brandishing their weapons and uttering savage exclamations as they ran.

"A shudder passed over me as I thought of what my fate would be should I fall into their hands. But as I could see no boat in which they could pursue me upon the water I felt that I was safe beyond their reach. However, my feeling of security was of short duration, for scarcely had the savages reached the water's edge when I saw them scramble down among the rocks and disappear into what seemed to be a kind of grotto. A moment later a long canoe filled with the natives shot out into the bay and came swiftly in pursuit. Then another and another followed in quick succession till half a dozen had joined in the chase.

"Although I was fully a quarter of a mile in advance of them now, I recognized the fact that there was the greatest danger that I would be overhauled by them.

"There were no weapons in the boat with which I could defend myself, but even if there had been I would have stood no chance of repelling a score of bloodthirsty savages. There was but one chance of escape, and that lay in flight. Recognizing this fact I held the little craft full before the wind, which was now growing stronger as I neared the open sea.

"But in spite of this I could see that the pursuing canoes were slowly but surely gaining on me. Nearer and nearer they drew, till, glancing back, I could see the fierce look of exultation on the hideous faces of the savages, and hear their wild ejaculations of triumph as they bore rapidly down upon me. Fifteen minutes more and they would be within reach of me. With a feeling of despair I lashed the rudder in place; I grasped a plank from the bottom of the boat—the oars had been removed by the robbers—and began to row with it as best I could.

"We had now left the inlet, and were out in the open sea. I cast a hasty glance across the water with the hope of seeing some passing ship, but there was no sign of a sail in sight.

"But now for the first time I noticed that an ashy pallor was stealing over the mist covered sky, and with a feeling of joy I knew that the night, which comes down so rapidly in the tropics, was near at hand. A few moments later the darkness had deepened so that only the dim outlines of the pursuing canoes were visible through the gloom. A few minutes more and they were lost to sight in the black night that settled rapidly over the sea.

"Throwing down the plank with which I had been rowing I now grasped the rudder again and changed my course to the southeast, while I listened intently to the sound of the pursuers' paddles. A few minutes later I heard them pass on to the north of me, while with a strong wind filling the sails of my boat I bore swiftly and noiselessly away to the south. The noises of the paddles died away in the distance, and I knew that I was safe.

"I continued my course southward until daylight, when I could see the coast of Formosa lying some four or five miles to the west. The next day I rounded South Cape and was picked up by the Jeannette, which had returned and was standing up the Formosa coast in search of the robbers.

"I was handsomely rewarded for the part I had played in restoring the treasure to its owners, and my adventures were the all absorbing topic of conversation during the voyage.

"On my return to San Francisco I was appointed second mate on the Jeannette."
—Will Leisenbee in Detroit News.

Washington's big wheat crop has been estimated at 16,000,000 bushels.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

George Tull, who about twenty years ago "found" the Cardiff giant on his farm at Cardiff, N. Y., died at Binghampton.

Herty won the six day go-as-you-please contest in St. Louis. He made 518 miles, and will receive about $1,000.

The new library of congress will be even larger than the British museum. Librarian Spofford hopes to move in within three years, although it will take five to complete the structure.

April 7 is to be the big day of the Grand Army celebration at Decatur, Ills., and the parade of the Illinois department.

Three workmen were killed Monday by an explosion in Irven's lard factory in Liverpool.

The twenty-ninth legislative assembly of New Mexico organized Monday at Santa Fe. The council stands eight Republicans and four Democrats; the house thirteen Democrats and eleven Republicans.

Banker E. Coolidge, who failed recently at Waupaca, Wis., and was arrested on a charge of receiving deposits when the bank was insolvent, was discharged Monday for want of evidence to hold him.

George D. Sanger, a drug clerk at Macon, Ga., dropped dead Monday. The autopsy showed that death was caused by over-stimulation of the heart superinduced by excessive cigarette smoking.

Laborers at Portland, Ore., who were thrown out of work by the Union Pacific, are destitute. The mayor of the city has wired Mr. Clark, general manager of the Union Pacific, blaming the road for their condition.

Articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state of Illinois Monday of the Burton Tower company to build a tower 1,492 feet high at the world's fair at Chicago in 1893, with a capital stock of $1,000,000.

Capt. McDowell, manager of the Duluth Steel Barge company, will start for the Pacific coast in ten days to establish a ship-yard on Puget sound for the building of steel whale back vessels for the Pacific coast trade.

Canadian government officials deny that pleuro-pneumonia exists among cattle in the Dominion, notwithstanding that Secretary Rusk has closed certain ports of Vermont to prevent the entry of such cattle.

Mrs. George Redpath was burned to death Sunday at her home near Marengo, Ills.

The weather in North Dakota is so mild that farmers have been plowing in the fields all winter.

John B. Thompson, bookkeeper for the Clinton Paper Mill company, was thrown from a buggy in Lyons, Iowa, Monday night, rupturing a blood vessel in the brain and causing instant death.

Peter Laneger, living near Bloomington, Ills., was accidentally killed Monday by William Myers, who was cleaning a gun.

The visible supply of grain Saturday, as compiled by the New York produce exchange, was: Wheat, 25,763,997 bushels, an increase of 399,229 bushels; corn, 2,620,175 bushels, an increase of 502,784 bushels.

James Dalton was found dead in the mountains near Middlesborough, Ky., Monday, shot with a rifle bullet. There is no clew to his murderer.

Frank Strauss, a Champaign county, Ills., farmer, Monday accused August Goepp of stealing his corn. Goepp stabbed Strauss in the abdomen and then fled.

Ice in a frog derailed an express train on the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad at Alliance, Ohio, Monday morning. No one was seriously hurt.

Peter Pries, a farmer living near Davenport, Iowa, cut his throat in a fit of despondency growing out of the fact that his wife had sued him for divorce on the ground of cruelty.

The captain of the Angelita, a Spanish fishing schooner captured at Key West, has petitioned the treasury department to remit the $1,000 fine imposed on his vessel by the collector.

The president Tuesday signed the commission of Henry B. Brown, of Michigan, as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

At Beatrice, Neb, Tuesday night Doran Baker was found in his hut with his throat cut. As he had some money it is believed he was murdered and robbed.

The class yell of the young ladies of the freshman class of Colby university is stated to be as follows: "Co ordination; ha, ha, ha! tessaras kai enenekonta dux femina facta; rah, rah, rah!"

By an explosion of natural gas the Gem City Stove works, at Dayton, Ohio, were destroyed by fire Tuesday, causing a loss of $35,000, about covered by insurance.

Stepniak, the noted writer on Russian topics, arrived at New York Tuesday.

Professor Walter Balentine, of the Maine State college, will soon visit western colleges to study the various systems of instruction in agriculture.

Shore Bros.' Dry Goods company, at Wellington, Kan., closed their doors Tuesday. The liabilities are $30,000, and the assets $40,000.

The first through passenger train over the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad reached Deadwood Monday.

Tax Collector M. S. Snyder, of Tucson, Ari., was attacked in his office by two masked men and shot and robbed of $4,000. Snyder shot at his assailants twice, but they escaped. He sustained only a flesh wound.

Henry Jenson was instantly killed in the works of the Menasha Woodenware company at Neenah, Wis., Tuesday, by the bursting of a planer.

Two five-foot veins of coal were found 180 feet below the surface near Cambridge, Iowa, Tuesday.

Daniel Curren, who for the past seventy-five years has been a resident of Lima, Ohio, died Tuesday at the age of 108 years. He was born in 1782 in Kerry county, Ireland.

The better element of Blue Mound, Ills., met Tuesday night and formed a law and order league to fight the gamblers and violators of the liquor law.

The bureau of American republics has information from the republic of Mexico concerning the proposed establishment of the first perfumery laboratory in that republic, the proprietor being a New York man.

Earnings of the Michigan railroads for the month of October aggregated $8,961,205, an increase of $40,119 over the corresponding month last year. This is the smallest monthly increase in five years.

The supply of wool in the United States is figured at 92,819,882 pounds, against 99,284,659 pounds on Jan. 1, 1890.

The visible supply of corn is now less than 2,000,000 bushels, and the smallest for this season of the year since statistics on this subject began to be compiled thirteen years ago.

John C. Forster, principal of the public schools at Columbus, Pa., was killed Tuesday while taking a walk in the woods by a limb falling from a tree and striking him on the head, crushing his skull.

The wheat area in southwestern Kansas is the largest in the history of that region, and its present average condition is reported as the best ever known.

The store of C. L. Erickson, a prominent jeweler at Omaha, was closed by the sheriff New Year's night.

The Wallace county bank, at Abilene, Kan., closed its doors Thursday. The liabilities are $45,000, and the nominal assets $60,000.

The second son of Prince Albert of Prussia is destined to be the husband of little Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. He is a lad of fifteen years.

A farm is to be established in connection with the asylum for the feeble-minded at Lincoln, Ills., for the employment of the grown inmates.

There are 365 corps of the Salvation Army in America, with 1,066 officers in service.

The royal baron of beef placed on the queen's table on Christmas Day was cut from a Devon ox fed on the prince consort's Shaw farm, Windsor. The joint weighed over 300 pounds.

A new map of China has been ordered by the emperor, and the surveys have already begun.

John Mayfield, a prominent lawyer of Webbas Falls, Cherokee Nation, was Thursday sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for adultery.

A special train will be run from California to New Orleans for the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight.

The price of The Louisville Courier-Journal has been reduced from 20 and 30 cents per week to 15 and 20 cents and from $10 and $12 per year to $8 and $10.

Four men were seriously and a dozen were slightly wounded in a riot precipitated by striking Hungarians at the Edgar Thomas steel works at Braddock, Pa., Thursday.

The Lexington, Ky., electric street cars carry school children at half fare.

Fire started in the house owned by Secretary Blaine, but at present occupied by Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, shortly before noon Thursday. The building was damaged $20,000.

During 1890 3,107 car-loads of oranges were shipped from California. The wine product of the state was 18,200,000 gallons.

During 1890 Colorado mines produced $20,881,334, divided as follows: Silver, $20,259,906; gold, $4,512,136; lead, $4,749,852; copper, $359,440.

A correspondent of The Boston Transcript reports the finding in Hundred Dome cave, in Edmonson county, Ky., of over 2,000 mummies of what must have been a superior race of men, and which he believed antedated Adam. The bodies are well preserved.

A passenger train on the Iowa Central ran into a freight near Oskaloosa, Iowa, Wednesday night. Engineer Wolcott was fatally and several passengers were seriously hurt.

At Elmira, N. Y., Saturday, J. Frank Warren, who has been on trial for the murder of his father, whom he claimed to have killed in defense of his mother, was acquitted.

Justin Huntly McCarthy, the younger of the name, is one of the most versatile writers not only in the Irish party, but about London.

Mrs. Stephen Bumgart, the wife of a German farmer living near Mount Carmel, Ills., was found dead in a cistern Saturday, where she had evidently thrown herself with suicidal intent.

The Emperor of Austria will erect a monument to the memory of his brother Maximilian.

The kaiser did not, as has heretofore been his practice, send New Year's greetings to ex-Chancellor Bismarck.

"Chris" Magee, the well known Pittsburg Republican and proprietor of The Times, was "caned" (gold-head) by 300 newsboys and bootblacks New Year's Day. The boys didn't go through the formality of hiring a hall, but "caned" him when alighting from a street car.

Mrs. M. Ebens has mysteriously disappeared from Two Rivers, Wis. She was 71 years old.

An unknown woman left her child in a hotel at La Salle, Ills., Saturday, and then left for parts unknown.

The industrial exhibition at Kingston, Ja., opens Jan. 27. Our government will be represented by the new and big cruiser Philadelphia, and the smaller boat Dolphin.

Governor Goodell, of New Hampshire, has presented to each member of his council an elegant carving knife and fork, manufactured specially for them at the governor's factory in Antrim.

William Carey blew his brains out Saturday night at Grand Rapids, Mich. He had been on a long spree and had quarrels with his wife.

That was no boy's play, that fight at Wounded Knee. One eye-witness says: "I saw one Indian, with right arm and left leg shattered, drag himself to a wounded soldier, whose throat he cut just as another wounded trooper levelled his revolver and blew out his brains—the three dying in one heap together."

At Edmore, Mich., John Brown went out hunting Saturday. His gun in some way was discharged, killing him.

Mrs. Mamie Allen, wife of Dr. O. R. Allen, at Decatur, Ills., married two weeks ago, was shockingly burned Saturday afternoon while trying to regulate the gasoline gas generator connected with the cottage.

The Rev. T. O. Lucas, a young Methodist minister, was killed Saturday near Brownsville, Tenn., by accidentally falling into an old well.

Killed by an Explosion of Gas.

ASHLAND, Pa., Jan. 3.—While Michael Reddy and Benjamin Bray were engaged in opening a man-way in the basin of No. 2 slope at the Centralia colliery Friday, the latter held his lamp over his head to inspect the place as to its safety, when he ignited the gas and a terrible explosion occurred. Reddy was burned in a horrible manner and died before being hoisted to the surface. Bray was seriously burned about the face, head and hands. He may recover.

Horrible Accident in Mexico.

EAGLE PASS, Tex., Jan. 3.—Fifteen miners entered the powder house of the Pinoles Mining company at Durango, Mex., to procure their weekly supplies. One of them attempted to secure the cap on a defective fuse by biting it. The cap exploded and the detonation set off the entire explosive contents of the powder house. Twelve were killed outright and the remaining three cannot possibly survive.

THE WEDDING.

Yes, Dolly, there was a grand wedding
In the gray church under the hill,
A beautiful trail and a shimmery veil
A bridelady dainty and still.
Sunshine and flowers, oh! my, Dolly,
With plenty of goodies to eat.
A wedding is always the happiest thing,
And a bridelady always is sweet.

And there was a brideman, of course, Doll,
I guess he was scared 'most to death,
He kept shaking so, and he answered quite low,
"I will," with a catch in his breath.
He stumbled all over the railing,
And he nearly fell out of the door,
And if I were that very scared brideman, my pet,
I'm sure I'd be married no more.

I said to mamma—my own dearest—
"There's tears and there's smiles in her eyes,
And I cannot guess with those flowers and that dress
Just why a sweet bridelady cries!"
Then mamma hugged me closely and answered:
"Some time, dear, you'll much wiser be,
And know that the tears are for love of the past,
And the smiles for the love yet to be."

But, Dolly, how long it must be, dear,
Before I can be such a bride,
With joy bells to swing and a cake and a ring,
And a veil and a brideman besides,
Have a beautiful, beautiful wedding,
And a journey to somewhere away;
Live all the long time in the land "to be."
Alas! 'twill be many a day!
—Elizabeth Cheny Haire in Detroit Free Press.

MYSTERIOUS HIEROGLYPHICS.

Carved Characters on a Huge Cliff of Limestone in Nevada.

In several places in this region, Lincoln county, Nev., and the adjoining country about Death Valley, Cal., are found traces of former occupation by some race of civilized people, probably the Spanish. In the Kingston range of mountains, on the eastern face of Clarke mountain, near its summit, is a perpendicular cliff of limestone 250 feet in height and with a smooth surface. On the face of this cliff, at a height of 100 feet from its base, are engraved the following characters, "† I L D." The cross and letters are of mammoth proportions, being not less than sixty feet in height. They are cut into the solid rock to a depth of two feet, and are plainly to be seen at a great distance by persons passing through the valley below, toward which the cliff and mountain face.

No one in the country knows how, when or by whom the letters were cut. The Indians living in the vicinity have no tradition in regard to the inscription. As the inscription is in Roman letters and is preceded by a cross, it is supposed that the work was done by Jesuit missionaries, who are known to have established missions farther south in Arizona.

In order to carve the huge letters either a scaffold 100 feet in height must have been erected or the workmen must have been lowered over the face of the cliff, a distance of 150 feet. The object of a work so difficult that has any adequate object is not readily apparent. The giant letters could only have served as a landmark or a sort of beacon. It may have been intended as a monument showing the farthest point northward to which the soldiers of the cross had pushed their way, for they could not go up the great canyon.

At Pah Tuck Springs are to be seen blocks of hewn granite, the remains of an old wall. The Indians of this region show evidences of having at some time been subjected to the influences of civilization. They live in villages, irrigate and cultivate the soil, growing good crops of grain and many kinds of vegetables. In Clarke district, at no great distance from the cliff on which are the monster letters, there was found in a vein of gold bearing quartz a shaft of great depth. It was filled to within fifty-four feet of the surface with debris. Pieces of quartz left clinging to the sides of the shaft showed particles of free gold. No tools of any kind were found nor were there seen any remains of furnaces.

Near an antimony mine, three miles from Rose Springs, many other hieroglyphics are carved on the rocks. It is a sort of picture writing, and is popularly supposed to have been the work of Aztecs or Toltecs. It is certain that the writing was not done by the present race of Indians of the Great Basin country. Similar hieroglyphics are found near Candelaria; also in Humboldt county, on Star canyon, near the Sheba mine; on the Carson river, below Ragtown, and in many other localities.

The writing on the Carson river is on about forty different bowlders of solid granite. The characters are on the sides of the bowlders that face the east. They are cut into the smooth, hard rock to a depth of from an eighth to half an inch. All the picture writing in Nevada was evidently by the same people, as the same characters are everywhere seen, though differently combined. The figures of the men, animals and other living things are conventional, often merely hinted at, as by tracks.—Nevada Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Disappointed.

Niece Estelle (to her mamma)—There, Aunt Miranda's toilet mats are finished, and really they are prettier than I expected. I must send a card with "Very little, but with a heart full of love," or something like that, and I do hope her present will be a check again this year. I've counted on it and gone frightfully in debt.

Aunt Miranda (rheumatic and an east wind blowing, to companion two days later)—And, Barnes, for Miss Estelle you may select a scarf for the piano I gave her last fall.—New York Times.

Feathers Always the Proper Thing.

It always delights the female heart when feathers are in vogue. This season they are used on all garments, from the tea gown to the outside wrap and hat. This fondness for feathers is not to be wondered at, for they are always becoming. A pretty girl in a large hat with black ostrich feathers is twice as fascinating as with any other style of hat, and a trimming of feathers about the neck of an older woman softens all the lines of the face. Mrs. Stanley affects large hats and ostrich feathers.—Exchange.

Old Fashioned Watch Chains.

Among the presents showered on blushing brides this season figures the old fashioned watch chain, more than a yard long. After many years of suspending watches from chatelaines, from short chains hanging from a brooch and from ribbons secured by monograms; after wearing them in breast pockets or tucked into the bosoms of dresses with short chain pendants, after carrying them in leathern straps or slipped into the clasp of a bag or using them as decorations for the handles of parasols and umbrellas, card cases and portemonnaies, as clasps for bracelets or concealed beneath a miniature in a brooch or behind the heart of a floral pin—fashion has gone back to the ancient style of chain thrown around the neck that our mothers and grandmothers affected.

The new chains are very fine and generally are divided at intervals of three or four inches by pearls, turquoises or garnets, strung like beads, or by small diamonds, rubies, sapphires or moonstones, set clear.

As for the watch it is hidden in the folds of the dress or carried in a side pocket. It is small in size, and the back should be encircled or entirely incrusted with gems similar to those on the chain. One very handsome watch and chain that I saw the other day among the dainty trifles of a bridal corbeille was ornamented with both rubies and diamonds. The stones were set alternately between short lengths of the chain and formed a spiral on the back of the watch.—Paris Cor. Jewelers' Weekly.

Beaten to a Mummy.

The phrase "beaten to a mummy" has been familiar to me from my youth up, and I have always understood it as equivalent to beaten to a jelly. Does it not refer to the medicinal substance formerly known as mummy, which kept its place in our dispensatories until pretty late in the last century? It was variously composed and not always of the same consistence, but its general appearance would probably resemble that of soft pitch.

I speak now of the spurious kinds, which were doubtless most common. Even the "genuine" sorts were not, however, necessarily Egyptian. Penicher, in his "Traite des Embaumemens" (Paris, 1699), gives directions for the composition of mummy from human flesh expressly for medicinal purposes. He recommends certain parts only of the body to be used, and these to be dried, macerated and spiced out of all likeness to their natural condition. Mummy so prepared entered into a great variety of "balms" and other medicaments, for which Penicher in his concluding chapter gives recipes from old writers.

Some of these have the consistence of oil, others that of an ointment. It is clear, from the references in Nares, that in our own country mummy and its preparations were well known, and from the "make mummy of my flesh," which Nares quotes from an old play, to "beaten to a mummy" is a natural and an easy step.—Notes and Queries.

Tamagno and the Czar.

The Italian Count Sergardi is an entertaining conversationalist and has the national fondness for music. He was much amused when told of Tamagno's behavior in this country and that the great tenor brought his own brother along as his valet.

"That will be good to tell in Rome," he said. "Tamagno's traits are so well known there that it will be appreciated. Italy has often laughed at him. He was a street car driver in Turin and is without education. Verdi had the greatest difficulty in personally teaching him his part in 'Otello.' Some time ago an Italian company to which Tamagno belonged was engaged at a theatre in St. Petersburg. The company was one day given an audience by the czar.

"You know how strict is the etiquette of the Russian court. None may leave the imperial presence except at the czar's bidding. There came a lull in the conversation and Tamagno remarked that he thought he would go and abruptly left the room. The rest of the company was horror stricken. But the czar laughed and nothing came of it."—Chicago Tribune.

The Latest Popular Game.

It need not surprise any one to drop into an evening gathering or a quiet home circle and find people who wear spectacles across their noses and carry dignity by the ton trying to snap a row of ivory chips into a little wooden cup. That is the new game, christened tiddledy winks. It requires a small wooden cup called a wink pot and two dozen bone or ivory chips called winks, also four larger ones about the size of an old fashioned pants button, known as tiddledies. There is a cushion to snap the chips upon, or you can spread a small square of Brussels carpeting under the tablecloth, which answers just as well if not better. The trick is to snap the winks into the wink pot by means of the tiddledies held between the thumb and finger, the winks lying flat on the cushion or table. This is the game of the season—the great social snap, so to speak. There are two or three ways of playing and keeping tally of the game. Ever tried it?—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Two Distinguished Brothers.

Two wise looking young men met in the billiard room of the Chatham hotel in Paris the other evening. Both wanted to play a game, but they did not know each other. The elder, Mr. Combe Tennant, made bold to say: "Will you join me in a game of billiards, sir? My name is Tennant—I'm the brother of the lady who married Mr. Henry M. Stanley."

"Thank you, Mr. Tennant," answered the other; "I shall be most happy to join you. My name is Chamberlain—I'm the brother of the gentleman who married Miss Amelie Rives."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

If the throat is very sore wring a cloth out of salt and cold water, and bind it on the throat tightly when going to bed; cover it with a dry towel. This is excellent.

BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

"A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair of ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheeby, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos O Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 2nth st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 323 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Boot st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauier, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1093 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4453 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Francchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Baier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Harnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Bobey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Fazel, C R, 288 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F B Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Huth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 5534 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nellen, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 594 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Nierabach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allez, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J B Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R, E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee. Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 3 5 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st; Thos. Halpin, V-P; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 3535 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2105 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P V. Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec. James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m. at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P., Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 582 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec., Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Bardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doran, V. P.; Michael L. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec. Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P., J Gelbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McMahon, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Denis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Bohan, 206 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2802 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche, Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce, Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Rasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av

Div. No. 13—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Frenderegast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 14—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway, Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st. Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Heuely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Keedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2931 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av, V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoegehan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V. P., J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O
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The mud is as sticky as tar, and in going a few yards the wheels of a wagon become solid round cakes, and all the mules that you can hitch to it will not be able to pull it a foot further. Then the spades are brought and the wheels cleared, the operation being repeated two or three times in a hundred yards. The extent of the Bad Lands in Dakota is probably a hundred miles from north to south by fifteen to thirty miles wide; and if the Indians find a better stronghold in this country the plainsmen would like to hear of it.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890 No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Patrick Linehan, who, when last heard from, was living in Chicago, in the Stock Yard parish. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his aunt,

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ESTATE OF JOHN H. MARTIN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of John H. Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1891, being the 19th day thereof

CLARA T. MARTIN and
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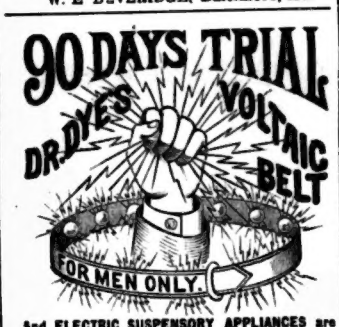

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	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3 10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2.40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 30
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
3-lb cans Pumpkin	10c	1 00
2-lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	96
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
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100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for..... 5.00

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon	10c	$1.15
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	12c	1 30
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	19c	2 20
American Sardines in oil	5c	55
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 05
Imported Sardines in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

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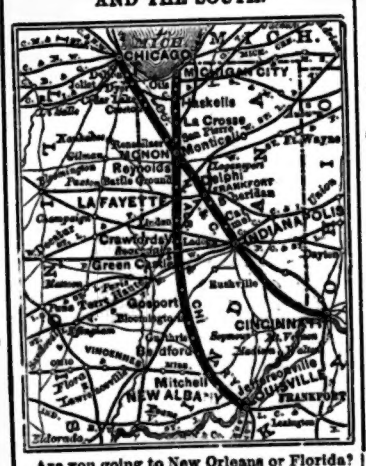

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